

Makers of America

Franklin

Washington

Jefferson

Lincoln

Emma Willard Dana

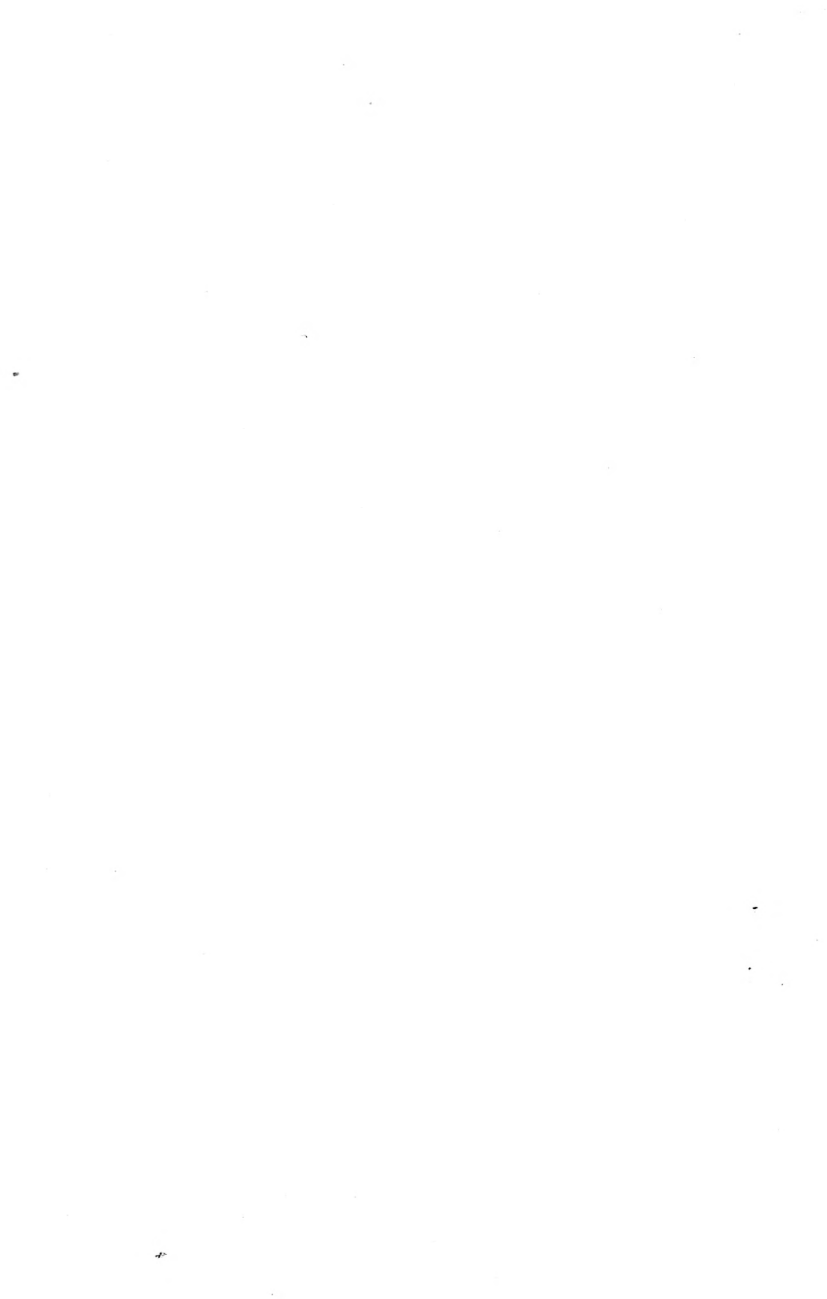
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Ben Franklin

Makers of America

Franklin

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Emma Lillian Dana

Model School, Hunter College

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241 Fifth Avenue, New York

1915

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By
Emma Lilian Dana

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AMERICA

From the National Ode, July 4, 1876

From the homes of all, where her being began,
 She took what she gave to Man:
 Justice, that knew no station,
 Belief, as soul decreed,
 Free air for aspiration,
 Free force for independent deed!
She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
 Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
 Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
 Her France pursues some dream divine;
 Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
 Her Italy waits by the western brine;
 And, broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
 As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!
 Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite;
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan.
 'T was glory, once, to be a Roman:
She makes it glory, now, to be a man!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE FIRST GREAT AMERICAN

"He snatched the lightning from heaven and their scepter from tyrants."

In the reign of Good Queen Anne of England, ten little English colonies were struggling to gain a foothold on the eastern coast of North America. Smoke curled slowly upward from rough log cabins in the clearings of the silent forest. Close to the sea had sprung up a few small cities and towns—many of the towns not much larger than some of our villages of today. Their low, deep-roofed houses, wide of hearth, like those of the mother country, set back from narrow unpaved streets.

There was just this fringe of English life along the shore. Behind it were three thousand miles of continent filled with savage Indians.

FATHER AND SON

In the colony of Massachusetts, in the city of Boston, Benjamin Franklin was born January 17, 1706. He was the fifteenth of seventeen children, thirteen of whom lived to be men and women and founded homes of their own. He came of strong and vigorous stock. His father lived to be eighty-nine years of age; his mother, to be eighty-five. So far as Benjamin could remember, neither had ever been sick a day in their long lives.

His father, Josiah Franklin, an emigrant from Eng-

land, was an earnest, hard-working man with great skill in the use of all kinds of tools and a gift for music and drawing. His judgement was so respected that his friends and neighbors, and even the leading men of Boston, used to come to him for practical advice. After two years of schooling, Benjamin went to work, at the age of ten, in his father's shop. Mr. Franklin was a soap boiler and candle maker, so the small boy spent his time cutting wicks and filling molds for candles, tending shop and running errands. He hated this work and longed to go to sea. Swimming and pottering about boats, all his spare moments were spent near the water. He led the boys in their games and scrapes and became an expert swimmer.

At last, his father, fearing that Benjamin would run away to sea, as an older brother had done, took him to see men of different trades at their work, hoping to arouse in the boy an interest in something that would keep him on land. Benjamin was always full of eager curiosity about everything in the world. He liked to watch work done well, and he learned to use his hands so skillfully, that he became an excellent mechanic. In after years he was able himself to make everything that he needed for the most difficult scientific experiments, and for the work of his inventions; and he often did odd jobs about his home, when no workman could be had.

Always Franklin had a passion for books. He says in the story he wrote of his own life: "I cannot remember when I could not read." In those days there were no public libraries; books were scarce; in all America only four of the colonies had printing presses. Among his father's few books, he read over and over Plutarch's *Lives of Great Men*, a book that has helped and inspired many another young fellow who has afterwards become a great man himself. Saving his pen-

nies, he bought a copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. He read this till he had learned it almost by heart. Then he sold it, and with the money, and a little more that he had saved, he bought forty or fifty small cheap histories.

A BOY PRINTER IN BOSTON

Because of this love for books, his father finally put Benjamin, when he was twelve years old, to work with his brother James, who was a printer. Now there was more chance for the boy to read. He shrewdly made many friends among the apprentices of book sellers, and persuaded them to lend him books from their masters' shelves. By the light of a farthing candle, made in his father's shop, he often read one of these books through the night and far into the morning hours, that it might be returned to its place before the shops were opened.

Reading soon led to Benjamin's writing short poems, which his brother sent him to peddle in the streets of Boston; but his father put a stop to it by telling him plainly that poets were always beggars. About this time, there came into his hands a copy of the *Spectator*, an English paper that was soon to be famous. It was written by two men named Addison and Steele. He read it as he had read *Plutarch's Lives*; he patiently rewrote its essays in his own words, and then compared them with the *Spectator* and corrected them. In this way he tried to learn to write clearly and well. At the same time he trained his mind by studying navigation, arithmetic and grammar.

To save money to buy the books he loved, he asked his brother to give him half of what it cost to board him, and let him provide his own food. After that a visitor

to Franklin's shop, during the noon hour, would have found Benjamin, all alone, eagerly studying his books, while he munched a biscuit or a piece of bread, and a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry shop—a poor meal that he washed down with a glass of water. He saved half the amount given him for food and collected quite a library.

Ambitious to see something of his own printed in his brother's paper, *The New England Courant*, he slipped some pages that he had written under the door of the printing house. To his great joy they were printed and, after several such successes, he confessed that he had written them.

SEEKING HIS FORTUNE

James Franklin always acted toward his brother like a tyrant. He was harsh and hot tempered and often beat the boy. This treatment gave Benjamin a hatred of power unfairly used, and this hatred he never lost throughout his long life. Even as a boy he rebelled, and left his brother's shop. James prevented his finding work with any printer in Boston. So the resolute lad sold many of the books that had cost him so much in self-denial and saving, and secretly took passage for New York. Finding no work there, he set out for Philadelphia by boat. On this voyage he was nearly shipwrecked and, after many adventures crossing New Jersey fifty miles on foot, he took a row-boat down the Delaware to Philadelphia.

Weary, hungry, wet and dirty, the pockets of his working clothes stuffed out with shirts and stockings, his whole capital a Dutch dollar and a few pennies in copper, he landed at Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia, alone in a strange city.

He walked up the little unpaved street gazing curiously about him, till he met a boy with bread. He asked him the way to the baker's, hurried there and bought for three pence three great puffy rolls. He tucked one under each arm, and walked up Market Street devouring the third. Deborah Read, a young girl out on her father's door step, laughed heartily at his comical appearance, little dreaming that she would one day become his wife. Still eating, Franklin wandered about till he found himself again at the wharf, where he took a drink of the river water, and gave his other two rolls to a woman and her child who were there waiting for a boat.

These are his own words, that tell what else he did that first Sunday in Philadelphia, and how he wandered into one of the silent religious meetings of the Quakers: "Thus refreshed I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean dressed people in it, all walking the same way. I joined them and was thereby led into the great meeting house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and after looking around for a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep and continued so until the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. Walking down again toward the river and looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man whose countenance I liked, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. He brought me to the 'Crooked Billet' in Water Street. Here I got dinner and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance that I might be some runaway."

The boy quickly found work in Philadelphia with

a printer named Keimer. By chance the Governor of Pennsylvania, Gov. Keith, saw some of Benjamin's writing and thought it very clever. By way of helping so promising a young fellow, the Governor sent him home to Boston, with a letter advising his father to furnish the money to set up this lad of seventeen as an independent printer in Philadelphia.

This is how Franklin describes his visit home: "My unexpected appearance surprised the family; all were however, glad to see me and made me welcome, except my brother. I went to see him at his printing house. I was better dressed than ever while in his service, having a genteel new suit from head to foot, a watch, and my pockets lined with near five pounds sterling in silver;"—about \$25 in our money—"he received me not very frankly, looked me all over and turned to his work again."

Benjamin's father did not think it wise to establish so young a man in business. Gov. Keith, when he heard this, offered to do it himself, because, as he said, Philadelphia needed a good printer. With false promises of letters and of money to buy an outfit in London, the faithless Governor sent the poor lad to England. Landing there on Christmas Eve, 1724, Franklin learned he had been deceived. He was bitterly disappointed, but, having to shift for himself, he wasted no time in regrets. At once he found work in London with a printer, and in this English shop, as he set the type, he preached temperance to his fellow workmen, who were great drinkers of beer. They were astonished to see that the "Water American" was stronger than they were, who drank "strong beer."

After two years Franklin tired of London life and resolved to return to America, for the best that England now offered him seemed only a poor chance to a

young man of his ability and ambition. He had great skill in sports as well as strength of body, and his expert swimming had brought him the opportunity of opening a fashionable swimming school. He declined the offer, though he so greatly enjoyed this favorite exercise that on the voyage home, he one day leaped overboard and swam round the ship in the open ocean.

Soon after arriving in Philadelphia to take a position with an English merchant, he became very sick and, as he lay near death, he wrote the following lines for his tombstone, because he thought they would be suitable for the grave of a printer:

The Body of
B. Franklin, Printer,
(Like the Cover of an old Book
Its Contents torn out
And stript of its Lettering & Gilding,)
Lies here, Food for Worms.
But the Work shall not be lost ;
For it will, (as he believed) appear once more,
In a new and more elegant Edition
Revised and corrected
By the Author.

FINDING HIS FORTUNE

But Franklin was only at the beginning of a long life of usefulness. As soon as he was well again, he found work at good wages with his former master, Keimer. Once more in the old shop, Franklin suspected that he was to be dismissed as soon as he had taught Keimer's green hands how to set type and work the printing presses. For this reason he lost no time in going into partnership with a fellow workman, whose father supplied the needed money. Later, with

a loan from two friends, he bought out his partner, purchased an unpopular newspaper and published it under the new name of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*.

Franklin's neighbors watched his habits. He worked hard. He could be seen carrying material for his paper through the streets in a wheelbarrow. A member of the merchants' Every Night Club said one evening: "The industry of that Franklin is superior to anything I ever saw; I see him still at work when I go home from the club at night, and he is at work again in the morning before his neighbors are out of bed." In this way Franklin gained "character and credit."

He himself recalls how his father often read to him from the book of *Proverbs*: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." And he adds, "I did not think I should literally stand before kings; which, however, has since happened, for I have stood before five, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner."

At the age of twenty-four, Franklin married Deborah Read, who helped him to his great success. "We have an English proverb," he says, "'He that would thrive, must ask his wife.'" It was lucky for me that I had one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper makers. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk—no tea—and I ate it out of a two penny earthen porringer with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: Being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl

with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl, as well as any of his neighbors."

It was not long before Franklin enlarged his business and opened a shop near the market place. He sold paper and sheepskin, legal blanks, imported books, quill pens and ink, Rhode Island cheese, scented soap, live geese feathers, tea, coffee, and lampblack, which he made himself. Industrious, saving, he made use of every chance and soon was the chief printer in Pennsylvania. Thrift brought wealth. At his death Franklin's estate was valued at \$250,000.

"POOR RICHARD" AND "FATHER ABRAHAM"

In 1732 Franklin printed *Poor Richard's Almanac*. At that time most of the colonists were too poor to buy books. But cheap almanacs found their way into every household. Peddlers exchanged them for gloves and stockings, which the women knit by their lonely firesides during the long, cold evenings of winter. Because people had so little to read, Franklin filled all the spaces in his almanac with homely proverbs intended to teach hard work, saving, honesty and self-reliance as a means to success. These proverbs Franklin put into the mouth of a character whom he called "Poor Richard." The best of them he collected and printed in his almanac of 1757. They were written in the form of an address by an old man to the people at an auction, and this was called *Father Abraham's Speech*. At that time country folk came early from long distances to these public sales. The auctioneer gave them all the rum they could drink, so that when the bidding began

they bought anything and everything at unheard of prices. For this reason, an auction was a good place to preach economy, temperance and honest work.

The fame of *Father Abraham's Speech* spread everywhere. Newspapers printed it again and again. It traveled to England. It crossed the English Channel to France. In time it reached every corner of Europe, and was translated into many different tongues. It is still read by the peoples of France, of sunny Italy and of modern Greece; by the blue eyed Germans of the North and the Spaniards and Portuguese of the South. It is today for sale in the book shops of Russia and Bohemia. You can buy it in Holland. It has even been translated into Gaelic, in order that the Irish may read it in their native language. Nothing else, written in the time of the colonies, is so famous and so widely read today.

Here are some of "Poor Richard's" proverbs, taken from *Father Abraham's Speech*:

"Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

"God helps them that help themselves."

"Little strokes fell great oaks."

"The rotten apple spoils his companion."

"Never leave that till tomorrow, which you can do to-day."

"A small leak will sink a great ship."

"Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets put out the kitchen fire."

"When the well is dry they know the worth of water."

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

"He that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to

get it again. Rather to bed supperless than rise in debt."

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

A copy of *Poor Richard* fell into the hands of John Paul Jones, the famous sea hero of the American Revolution, while he was waiting for his promised ship at the great harbor of Brest, in the northwest of France. Month after month passed. He wrote letter after letter to Paris, begging for his vessel. One day, almost beside himself, he chanced to pick up the almanac in a restaurant and read: "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." He sprang to his feet, crying: "That was written for me!" and started immediately for Versailles, where King Louis XVI and his court then were. Delays were ended. At once he got his ship, and the very first thing he did was to paint out its name. Then, in gratitude to Franklin and in compliment to the French, on prow and stern he printed the words: "Bon Homme Richard" — "Goodman Richard."

"THE FRIEND OF HUMAN KIND"

Franklin and his friends had already formed a club for debate, the Junto. Later he suggested that the members keep their books in a common room. In some ways the plan did not work well, so he started a public subscription library. This was the beginning not only of the public library of Philadelphia, but of the present great public library system of America.

Franklin, from now on, took deeper and deeper interest in public matters. When a reform was needed, he would first write an article on the subject and read it at his Club. If the members thought well of it, he would then print it in his newspaper, that had now

become popular. These articles would lead to other articles and letters to the paper; these also were published, and in a few weeks, the proposed reform would become such a public question that it would be taken up by the government of the city or of the colony.

Stirring up the interest of his fellow citizens in this way, Franklin had regular watchmen hired to guard Philadelphia at night, and so prepared the way for our police system of today. Rousing their pride and interest in the same way, Franklin had the streets of Philadelphia paved and better lighted, the pavements about the market swept, and the first militia organized. In this way, too, he started a Union Fire Company, the first of its kind in the province. Before that time, at the cry of fire, every one in the city stopped work, men snatched their buckets and rushed along the streets. There was no one to command, no system in putting out the fire. Every man did what first came into his head to do, and hopeless disorder followed.

Franklin invented an open stove which he called "The Pennsylvania Fireplace." It gave out more heat and used less wood than the stoves then in use. This was a great blessing to the colonists and the beginning of the American stove industry of today. Though a patent was offered to Franklin by the governor, which would have given him alone the right to make and sell his stove, he refused to profit by his invention—"from a principle," he said, "which has ever weighed with me on such occasions, namely,—that as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously." A London stove-maker,

not so high-minded, made some small changes in the stove, got a patent for it in England and made a small fortune.

Franklin invented a copper-plate press, and printed the first paper money used in New Jersey. He invented, and his clever hands shaped, many original and useful things: A mangle for pressing linen; a clock that showed the hours, minutes and seconds, on three revolving wheels; a mechanical arm for taking books down from high shelves in his library. And he first made his own spectacles with double lenses, so arranged that they could be used equally well for reading and for seeing at a distance.

He made many experiments to learn the laws of heat, light and sound. By laying pieces of colored cloth on the snow, he discovered which colors are the best conductors of heat. He seemed forever working over some new scientific or mechanical problem. He was deeply interested in the new improvements in such different things as air pumps, guns and carriage wheels. As a result of his many experiments and studies, he wrote about fire and heat, light and sound, sun spots and shooting stars, the tides; and about air, the wind and ventilation.

Finding one day in a ditch a sprouting twig of willow, part of a broken basket, in which some foreign goods had been brought into the country, he planted it. From this tree all the yellow basket-willows in America are said to have come.

In 1750 he started an academy which grew to be Philadelphia College, and today has become the great University of Pennsylvania. Though Franklin's days were full of work, he learned by himself to read with ease French, Spanish and Italian. He found time, also, to play the harp, guitar and violin.

SEIZING THE LIGHTNING

To be free from business, so that he could give himself to the study of electricity, Franklin sold his newspaper and printing house to his partner for eighteen thousand pounds—more than \$90,000 of our money. This, paid in yearly sums, gave Franklin, at the age of forty-two an income large enough to live upon for the rest of his life. He now made endless experiments in electricity, of which men at that time knew almost nothing. And in June, 1752, he made the discovery that gave him world-wide fame. During a thunderstorm in Philadelphia, Franklin flew his famous silk kite, with its metal point and its wet string of hemp. From a key, tied to this string, he drew an electric spark and caught the electricity in a jar, which he had made for that purpose. In this way Franklin first proved that the power of the lightning could be captured, and that lightning and electricity are the same. And so, he made possible many great discoveries and inventions by other men. Because of him, we have the telegraph and the telephone of today. And because of him, electricity has become man's useful servant. It runs his engines, turns his machinery, drives his street cars and automobiles, rings his bells, cooks his food, and heats and lights his home. And Franklin took the first step to guard man against the dangers of electricity, for he it was who invented the lightning rod. The Royal Society of London that first laughed at Franklin now did him honor; the Royal Academies of Paris and of Madrid elected him one of their members; the colleges of Yale and Harvard gave him the degree of Master of Arts. And people in admiration began to call him "Doctor Franklin."

HIS FIRST WORK FOR UNION AND JUSTICE

Suddenly he turned to politics, for "the public," he writes, "now considering me as a man of leisure, laid hold of me for their purposes." He was elected to the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1752, and made Postmaster General of all the colonies. He completely changed the whole system of the post office and gave a postal service better than ever before known.

About this time the French, the old enemies of the English, had begun pressing from Canada and from the valley of the Mississippi River upon the frontiers of the colonies. With Indians as their allies, they held the Ohio River, and built several forts on land that the English claimed. England then asked the colonists to unite for their common defense against this invasion of the French.

When he printed in his paper the first news of the war, in the early spring of 1754, Franklin added a flag of his own design, showing a snake cut into pieces, each of which bore the name of one of the colonies. Underneath were the words "Unite or Die." This was the first suggestion for a flag for the colonies. And he made a plan—ever since called the "Albany Plan of Union"—for the union of the colonies, the first proposal of the kind that was seriously discussed. But union was not yet to be. Both the colonies and England rejected the plan—the king said: "The Americans are trying to make a government of their own"—and the war with the French went on under the leadership of an English general with an English army.

In 1757 Franklin was sent to England to urge upon Parliament Pennsylvania's need of being governed by laws of its own making as a royal colony, rather than by the wishes of the Penn family,

who owned the colony, but lived in England; knew nothing of the growth and needs of Pennsylvania, and were unwilling to pay their share of the taxes. Franklin represented the struggling farmers and colonists, and was bitterly opposed by the influence of the aristocrats of England. He met with delay after delay, and it was nearly six years before he was able to return home. The Penn family for the future had to pay their share of the necessary taxes, but they unfortunately remained the owners of the colony of Pennsylvania.

During these years, living as a close friend of the greatest scientists and literary men of England and honored with degrees by the universities of Oxford and Edinburgh, Franklin learned to love the life of England, and would gladly have spent the rest of his years there as an active friend of the colonies, if he could have persuaded Mrs. Franklin to join him. But that good lady was afraid of the sea and would not go.

There was strong affection between Franklin and his wife, and many loving letters crossed the Atlantic in the slow sailing ships of that day. From time to time she sent him boxes of home comforts. "The buckwheat and Indian meal," he writes her, "are come safe and good. They will be a great refreshment to me this winter." And in spite of his busy days, many remembrances and gifts went back to her by returning ships. "I sent my dear," he says in another letter, "a newest fashioned white hat and cloak and sundry little things. I now send her a pair of buckles, made of French paste stones, which are next in lustre to diamonds."

In the election of 1764, the year after his return to America, Franklin's enemies made him lose his seat in the Assembly, but their plots did not prevent his

being immediately sent on a second mission to England. Again he carried an appeal to the English Parliament for the greater freedom of a royal government, such as the other colonies had, to take the place of the weak and unfair government of the Penns. With great hopes the people sent him forth. Three hundred citizens on horseback escorted him to the ship, and "filled the sails with their good wishes." The day the news came to Philadelphia of his safe arrival in England, the bells were kept ringing till midnight.

FIGHTING FOR "THE RIGHTS OF ENGLISHMEN"

Franklin expected to finish his business in England within ten months. Yet it was ten years before he returned. The English ministers would pay no attention to his petition, for now a greater trouble was starting with America. The freedom of a royal government that Pennsylvania wanted was already in the other colonies proving to be not freedom, but oppression. And Benjamin Franklin was now to be not only the agent of Pennsylvania, but the friend of the whole American people protesting to the King and government of England against injustice.

For many years the colonies had been growing in power and wealth. They had of their own will raised large sums by taxing themselves and, in spite of this, were prosperous. On the other hand, the people of England groaned beneath the taxes that the French and Indian war in America had laid upon them. Charles Townshend, a leader in Parliament, had the idea of keeping a standing army of twenty-five thousand men in the colonies and of taxing the colonists for its support. To provide the money for this, the Stamp Act

was passed without asking the consent of the Americans, who were to pay it. It was a law placing a tax stamp on nearly every kind of paper sold in the colonies. Franklin condemned the plan and did everything he could to prevent the passing of such a law, "but," he wrote to Philadelphia, "we might as well have hindered the sun's setting."

With the proof of England's greatness and power all about him in London, Franklin never thought it possible that the colonies could successfully resist the Stamp Act. "Secession is impossible," he wrote to a friend, "for all American towns of importance, Boston, New York and Philadelphia are exposed to the British navy."

When his fellow citizens heard that the law had been passed, and that he no longer opposed the tax, they were beside themselves with rage. Bells were tolled as if for the dead and flags were hung at half mast. Franklin was called a traitor. An insulting print was published showing the devil whispering to him: "Ben, thee shall be agent for all my dominions." His home was even threatened by the mob. Franklin's surprise and grief were deep. He had fought the battle for the colonists until the very last, and no one had greater daring and independence than he. He had even dared to say that if he could not be free to spend his money as he chose, and free to refuse to pay such an unjust tax, that he could still retire cheerfully with his little family "into the boundless woods of America, which are sure to afford freedom and subsistence to any man who can bait a hook or pull a trigger."

Franklin, as always, understood the colonists' feeling and strongly supported them. He now had such influence in England that no one could have replaced him. He was welcome everywhere; he made powerful

friends rapidly and easily ; he was admired by many of England's greatest men. No one else knew America so well. If English people sometimes said he was too American in what he said and did, everybody knew that he had a deep love for the mother country.

The colonies soon made it plain that they would not be taxed at all by England. They talked angrily of the ancient "rights of Englishmen." They would fix and collect their own taxes, as their fathers had done. Every scrap of stamped paper that could be hunted up was burned. No one bought English taxed tea ; the women used dried raspberry leaves instead. People soon refused to buy anything that had come from England, and vessels bringing English goods were sent back unloaded. The colonists wore their old clothes and no longer followed the changes of English fashions. Americans would not eat lamb, so that there might be more wool, which even women of wealth learned to weave into homespun cloth. Franklin boasted that he had once been clothed from head to foot in woolen and linen of his wife's manufacture. He added that he had never been prouder of his dress in his life, and that his wife could go to her weaving again, if it were necessary.

All this did good and not harm to the colonists in America. It made them self-denying and helped home manufacture. It was England that suffered. Her market in America was gone. A loud cry of distress went up from her factories and shops.

The damage to England at last forced the English government to discuss the complaints of America. Pitt, the friend of Franklin and one of the first of English statesmen, made a famous speech. He said : "The Americans are the sons of England. They cannot be bound to pay taxes without their consent." For

six weeks traders, ship-captains, merchants, manufacturers and others interested in American trade were called before the House of Commons to testify. With these went Franklin. Burke, the great English liberal and friend of America, said his examination was like that of a master by a crowd of schoolboys. Franklin answered all questions so cleverly, yet so simply and honestly that he greatly aided the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766. Great, then, was the joy in Philadelphia. Ashamed of their treatment of Franklin, the citizens gave first place in a great parade to a forty-foot barge named "FRANKLIN," from which all the salutes were fired as it passed along.

But there was still work for Franklin to do in England. New Jersey, Georgia and Massachusetts now made him their agent also. The Stamp Act had been repealed, but England would not give up her claim that she had the right to tax the colonies. "Every man in England," said Franklin, "seems to consider himself as a piece of a sovereign over America, seems to jostle himself into the throne with the King, and talks of *'our subjects in the colonies.'*" Earnestly and patiently he labored to prevent war, but the cause of the colonists was losing ground; new enemies attacked and abused him; and the king took away his office of Postmaster General in Pennsylvania. At last, patient as he was, he saw that all his efforts in England were hopeless. That he should give up, made it plain that war was at hand. On his last day in London, as he bent over his papers, his work was often interrupted by the tears running down his cheeks.

REVOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE

When Franklin landed in America the Revolution had already begun some two weeks before, in April,

1775; the battles of Lexington and Concord, famous in American history, had been fought. And a great change had come in his home. During his absence his wife had died, and his daughter had married Richard Bache, a man Franklin had never seen.

Within a few weeks after his return, he wrote to a former friend in England this letter:

"Mr. Strahan,—

You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction.—You have begun to burn our Towns and Murder our people.—Look upon your Hands; they are stained with the Blood of your Relations!—You and I were long Friends; you are now my Enemy,—and I am

Yours,

B. Franklin."

Franklin's seventy years now began to weigh heavily on him. His strength for a time seemed to fail, but the most important work of his life still lay before him. The abuse, heaped upon him in England, only deepened his popularity in America. To make up for the King's injustice, he was again appointed Postmaster General; this time, by the colonies themselves, at a salary equal to \$5,000 a year. The day after he landed he was chosen delegate to the Continental Congress, which had just been elected by the people of the colonies to deal with the new and serious questions before them. He was made member of all its important committees, and was one of the five men chosen to prepare the Declaration of Independence.

In the darkest days and the worst trouble, Franklin, like Abraham Lincoln, never failed in wit and good humor. The most serious document he was very apt to begin and end with a joke. As he signed his name

with a flourish to the Declaration of Independence—one of the greatest papers in the world's history, that proclaimed the birth of the new republic, the United States of America—he said to the delegates who stood near him: "Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or we shall assuredly all hang separately."

The war went slowly at first. But the Americans were resolved, and it was now "liberty or death." Soon Franklin wrote to his old friend, Dr. Priestly, in London, the great scientist who discovered oxygen and the composition of water: "Tell our dear old friend Dr. Price that Britain, at the expense of \$3,000,000, has killed one hundred and fifty Yankees this campaign, which is \$20,000 a head. During that same time sixty thousand children have been born in America. From these figures his mathematical head will easily calculate the time and expense necessary to kill us all, and conquer our whole territory." But it took six years of war to prove to England that she had neither enough men, money or time to destroy the liberties of the Americans. "They will never submit," Franklin had told Englishmen before he left London.

And now Franklin was again sent abroad in the service of his country. He was chosen Envoy to France to ask help for his struggling countrymen. Sitting in Congress as the vote was taken, he whispered to a friend: "I am old and good for nothing but, as the storekeepers say of their remnants of cloth, I am but 'a fag end' and you may have me for what you please."

IN FRANCE SAVING THE REVOLUTION

In a little sloop of war that had been a prize captured from the English, the grey-haired patriot took passage for France. Chased by English vessels, knowing well

that his neck was in peril, storm tossed, much of the food on board too hard for his old teeth, he reached Nantes tired and weak. Here he was received with open arms. After a week's rest he continued his journey and at last reached Paris.

And Paris went wild over him. The greatest writers, philosophers and scientists of France—men of all classes welcomed him as no foreigner had ever been welcomed before. People crowded the street to see him pass. His portly figure, his heavy walking stick, his head without a wig such as French gentlemen wore, but covered by a heavy cap of marten fur; his shrewd eyes twinkling through his great horn spectacles, his spotless linen, his simple brown suit of colonial make, all marked him as Franklin, the American. People of fashion began to copy his dress. They hung his picture over their fireplaces. Soon no home was complete without a Franklin stove.

At feasts he was toasted as "the American, the friend of human kind." People called him "Bon Homme Richard." His face on lockets and prints looked out of shop windows at the passer-by. If he made a joke everyone heard it. If he entered a public place there were shouts of applause. Poems were written in his honor. Women crowned him with wreaths of flowers, and one newspaper tried to prove that his ancestors had come from France.

This welcome spoke well for the cause of America in France. It was in Franklin's nature to be hopeful. But besides this, it was his will to be hopeful, because he thought hopefulness wisest. His way of tempting good fortune was to welcome it, before it came. When he heard of the loss of an American ship at sea, he said: "The destroying of our ships by the English is only like the shaving of our beards, that will grow again.

Their loss of provinces is like the loss of a limb, which can never again be united to the body."

Rumors of American defeat soon came to Paris by way of England. "Washington is in retreat. Howe has taken Philadelphia." These rumors he made jests of publicly, but they troubled him deeply. Franklin was no raw and untried diplomat. He had been fitted for his great task by fourteen years of the most difficult negotiations in London. He knew how well he himself was liked in France. But he was not deceived by this. He knew why France was waiting before deciding to help the young Republic. She wished to know that the new states were strong enough to win some battles for themselves. She would help a revolution, but not a rebellion.

Suddenly, on the wind as it seemed, came rumors of America's success. One day the post coach of a special messenger from America dashed into the courtyard of the house at Passy, a suburb of Paris, where Franklin lived. At the sound of wheels all rushed out. "Sir," cried Franklin, "is Philadelphia taken?" "Yes, sir," answered the messenger. Franklin silently clasped his hands, and turned sadly to the house. "But, sir, I bear greater news. General Burgoyne and his whole English army are prisoners of war!" The clouds were gone. Soon all Paris had the news, and the French were almost mad with joy over the defeat of their old enemy, England.

After the capture of Burgoyne, the English were willing to give the Americans everything that they had wanted, except their independence. But it was just ten days too late. Franklin had already signed a Treaty of Alliance with King Louis XVI of France. And within two months, in April of 1778, a French fleet under Admiral D'Estaing sailed for America.

Independence, and nothing but independence would now satisfy the Americans; for a new nation, their own, had been born, to be forever free.

When the American envoys were now at last presented at the Court of King Louis, every one but Franklin was in court dress. In his suit of spotted Manchester velvet, no sword at his side, no buckles on his shoes, his thin grey hair straight and unpowdered, his wonderful eyes peering in good humor through his large spectacles, a round white hat under his arm, Franklin was, as always, simply himself, though in a crowd of gaily dressed gallants and painted dames. The story goes that both a court suit and a wig had been ordered; that the suit did not arrive in time, and that the wig was found too small for Franklin's great head. When the French praised his simple American dress, he was too shrewd to tell why he had worn it.

For two years in Paris heavy work was laid upon Franklin. It was he who gave advice, settled quarrels and carried on all the planning and business of the little fleet of privateers, the armed private ships flying the American flag, that made war from French seaports on the ships and commerce of England. He was the power behind John Paul Jones, the hero of the American navy who kept the whole coast of England in terror. "His letters would make a coward brave," said Jones, himself the bravest of men, who like a wasp of war, now here, now there, captured prizes, fired ships within sight of the white cliffs of England, spiked the guns of an English fort, and at last captured the English man-of-war "Serapis" while his own "Bon Homme Richard" was sinking.

But the greatest of all the burdens upon Franklin, from the very time of his arrival, was finding money to pay the cost of the Revolution. The American envoys

in Spain and Holland sent him the bills they could not pay. He had to arrange for the support of the costly work of John Paul Jones and the fleet of American privateers. Congress sent him endless bills and drafts. Overwhelmed with the difficulty of finding enough money to meet these needs, he urged Congress to stop its demands. Congress promised, as he requested, and at once broke its promise.

The United States had no credit for borrowing money. Faith in the honesty of this new people to pay its debts was the only security to the lender, when Congress issued its paper money at home and borrowed gold abroad. Franklin's work was really not borrowing; it was begging. Fortunately, the surrender of the English general, Burgoyne, had a cash value for the United States. It brought from France the loan of a large sum—nearly \$15,000,000. in our money of today. And it led France to begin an expensive war with England. Yet France, for a nation, was poor. And so it was very unpleasant business for Franklin to be constantly begging for money from a good friend, who had but little to spare. It meant unending work and worry and difficulties. It meant little credit or gratitude at home. Before Franklin took up this hard task, he generously loaned Congress, for the cause of his country, all the money he could raise from his private means. This was an amount equal to nearly \$20,000.

For the help of the Revolution, Franklin, in his old age, preached hard work and economy, just as he had done in his youth as "Poor Richard." He learned that nearly \$2,000,000 were spent each year in the United States for tea, and he suggested using that money for the expenses of war. He wrote to his friends at home: "A small increase of industry in every American, male

and female, with a small decrease of luxury, would produce a sum far superior to all we can hope to beg or borrow from all our friends in Europe."

PEACE AND FAREWELL TO FRANCE

Franklin had been seventy-one years of age when he came to France. His health even then had begun to fail, and years of exhausting work had since passed. Serious illness now often kept him in bed for days at a time. Yet in bed and out of bed he was endlessly busy. His only complaint was: "When I was young and had the time to read, I had no books. Now, when I have become old, and have books, I have no time." Old age was steadily creeping on, and yet this marvelous old man, with little help, conducted the business of the United States in all its variety. Congress never gave Franklin even the help of a secretary, seldom gave him thanks and owed him money when he died.

Worn with age and work and longing for home, Franklin in vain asked Congress to permit him to resign. In these days victory was coming to our Republic in her great struggle for liberty. At last, in 1781, Lord Cornwallis and his whole English army surrendered at Yorktown in Virginia and the war of the Revolution was ended. But two years were yet to pass before the treaty of peace was signed. Franklin, with the help of other American representatives, had an important part in fixing the terms of settlement with the envoys of England, France and Spain. Once this great treaty was signed, acknowledging the independence of the United States, for a second and a third time Franklin in vain sent his resignation to Congress.

In these days, letters from all over Europe poured

in on Franklin, from people who wished to emigrate to America. Many of those who wrote him believed that high birth or a fine education would assure them a leading position in the United States. These he advised to stay at home. "In America," he wrote, "people do not inquire concerning a stranger: 'What is he?' but, 'What can he do?' America is the land of labor, and by no means a land where the streets are paved with loaves, the houses tiled with pancakes, and where the fowls fly about already roasted, crying: 'Come eat me!'"

Continuing at his post, he helped draw up treaties between the new republic and Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Morocco, and Prussia. But when these were signed in 1785, Congress finally released him after his nine years' service and made Thomas Jefferson Minister at Paris. When men asked: "You replace Dr. Franklin?" the great Jefferson replied: "I *succeed* him. No one can *replace* him."

At last Franklin bade farewell to the France he so dearly loved. How it loved him was plainly shown when he left Europe for the last time, sailing for his native land. His friends in France begged him to remain with them. Devoted French homes eagerly opened their doors to him. To make his journey of one hundred miles to the sea coast a comfortable one, the King sent the Queen's litter to carry him to Le Havre. And as a parting royal gift Franklin took with him the King's portrait, framed in a double circle of four hundred and eight diamonds. At Portsmouth the British government, forgetting old scores, passed his baggage without duty. The voyage greatly helped his health. Old as he was, in his eightieth year, Franklin wrote three of his best essays during these seven weeks at sea.

SERVING AMERICA TO THE END

On September 12, 1785, Franklin landed at Market Street Wharf, where more than sixty years before he had stood a penniless boy. Now great crowds cheered him and escorted him to his door, while bells rang and cannon boomed their welcome.

Again he was claimed for the service of the State. He was made President of the Pennsylvania State Council. With good humor he accepted the honor, saying: "My country folks took the prime of my life. They have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones." Great was the help he gave during hard days when the people were struggling to pay the heavy debt that the war had caused. He served a second and a third term. Like Washington, when commander-in-chief of the army, he gave his salary to public uses, and took not a penny for himself.

In 1787 Benjamin Franklin was elected a member of the Convention that was to prepare a written constitution and a government for the new republic. He was chosen, men said, that there might be some one in the Convention, whom all could agree in making chairman in the possible absence of General Washington. And so this aged man was regularly in his seat, working with all his old earnestness, five hours a day for four months. His good stories made him a welcome speaker, and his wisdom was respected by all.

Slowly and after long debate the Constitution of our government took its form. Franklin was always in favor of the most democratic ideas and of a very simple government, for he believed that the people could take care of themselves. He always trusted men. Through his suggestions the Convention finally agreed that the Constitution should give us our present

government of a Senate with two members for each State, and a House of Representatives with the number of its members in proportion to the number of people living in each State. He opposed limiting the right to vote to those who owned land; he thought that a foreigner could become a good American within four years, and he opposed those who insisted on fourteen years' residence as necessary for citizenship.

When at last the Constitution was adopted, the aged Franklin rose in his place, and said that he had often asked himself during the debates, whether the sun painted behind the chair that was occupied by Washington as president of the Convention, was a rising or a setting sun; but that he knew now that it was rising. In the months that followed, his influence and his support were given to making George Washington the first President of the United States.

By another year, Franklin was too ill to work further. But his good humor and courage were still unflinching. "I seem," he said, "to have intruded myself into the company of posterity, when I ought to have been abed and asleep." In one of his last letters is found the same good cheer: "People that will live a long life and drink to the bottom of the cup, must expect to meet with some of the dregs. However, when I consider how many more terrible maladies the human body is liable to, I think myself well off that I have only three incurable ones: the gout, the stone and old age."

During the last year of his life, Franklin spent most of his time in bed. Suffering much, he still wrote a paper on the liberty of the press. He had always spoken strongly against negro slavery as a "crime." One of his last acts was to write Congress urging it to remove "this inconsistency from the character of the

American people; to promote mercy and justice towards this distressed race; and to step to the very verge of the power vested in you for discouraging every species of traffic in the persons of our fellow men."

As the end came near, he asked to have his bed made up freshly, so that he might "die in a decent manner." Later his daughter suggested that he might breathe more easily, if he lay on his side. "A dying man can do nothing easily," he replied. On the night of April 17, 1790, the great Franklin died.

A multitude of citizens in procession bore his body to Christ Church and laid him beside his wife. Congress wore a badge of mourning for a month. The newspapers printed their columns between heavy lines of black. France gave to his memory love and reverence. The National Assembly put on mourning and listened to addresses in his honor. A street in Passy where he had lived so long was given his name.

THE FIRST GREAT AMERICAN

Benjamin Franklin is the most remarkable man born of the old colonies. In many ways, he is the most remarkable of all Americans. Certainly he was, and he has often been called, "the first great American." Certainly, too, he was one of the very greatest men of his century. He is the only American who has three-fold fame as writer, scientist and statesman. He is the only American who signed all four of these great documents: The Declaration of Independence, that created the nation; the Treaty of Alliance with France, that helped us win our liberties; the Treaty of Peace with England, that acknowledged our independence; and the Constitution of the United States, that strongly established the nation.

During his long life he saw a few colonies, banded together, throw off the yoke of mighty England, and lay the foundations of our Republic, the United States of America. He saw the first great strides of the nation to the West, that in another century were to end in the settlement of a whole continent—a nation covering all the broad lands that stretch from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. And throughout this wonderful time of struggle and growth he played a master part.

Shrewd and saving, hard-working, honest, self-reliant, "Poor Richard" taught the colonists his own virtues. Though he preached self-help, Franklin's whole life of eighty-four years was devoted to helping others. It was as "the friend of human kind" that he invented his stove, that he discovered a cure for smoky chimneys, that he planted basket willows, that he found a new fertilizer for farmers. It was for his "fellow men" that he improved the post office, that he established a paid night watch, that he paved and lighted the streets of Philadelphia. It was for them that he founded schools, libraries and hospitals. It was for them, too, that he took the lightning, a thing of terror and mystery, and made it a thing familiar, to be studied and used by men.

As a writer, too, Franklin was great. For half a century he moulded public opinion by hundreds of essays and newspaper articles. His proverbs are still on every tongue. What he wrote was simple and interesting, and filled with good sense. Ever since it was first printed, people have liked to read, just as we do today, the story that he wrote of his own life. It is in this famous *Autobiography* that Franklin, talking to the reader as to a friend, tells how he made his way in the world, and overcame the difficulties that every

poor boy must meet, when he must make his fortune alone. We see him a lad studying even while he eats. We see him wandering about the strange streets of Philadelphia, seeking work. We see him a young printer, busy in his shop, setting the type—early in the morning before others were up—late at night, after others had gone to bed. We see him a successful man directing reforms in Philadelphia. It is a book that makes success seem easy. It makes the winning of character and the respect of others seem easy. It is one of the best and most helpful books in our language. But only by a chance was it saved to us. During the stormy days of the Revolution, the manuscript was actually thrown into the street in Philadelphia, where it was found and rescued by an old friend of Franklin.

Franklin had a heavy task as a statesman, and he made it a success. He was Washington's faithful and powerful friend. He helped greatly to make our government what it is today. In Paris he was envoy and minister; he acted as consul-general, navy department, banker and merchant, all in one. Without him the Revolution could not have succeeded as it did. Washington did the fighting but Franklin obtained the means for fighting. And for his work, as well, the greatest courage and patriotic devotion were needed.

Franklin was one of his own people, thoroughly an American. He was always simple and dignified. He never boasted about his country or himself, and he greatly disliked pride. Many times he told the story of a call he had made, as a boy, on Cotton Mather. As he left the house he hit his head against a beam. "Stoop," said Mather. "You are young and have the world before you. Stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps."

His warm and generous faith in men and women, like his good humor, he never lost. The first of democrats, before kings he was perfectly at his ease; only his odd dress, no word or act of his, made him seem out of place in the most brilliant court scene. He was like many another American, who, starting life poor and without friends, has reached success through the power and the resolution that were within him. But few have lived on like Franklin in the minds and hearts of a people. Throughout America today his keen-eyed, clever face under his great fur cap is widely known and widely loved. Even his name, often given to towns, streets, societies and to business, by its very sound seems to suggest to us the high character and the friendly spirit of the man.

If Life's compared to a Feast,
Near Fourscore Years I've been a Guest;
I've been regaled with the best,
And feel quite satisfyd.
'Tis time that I retire to Rest;
Landlord, I thank ye!—Friends, Good Night.

Written by Benjamin Franklin April 22, 1784.



George Washington

FROM A PORTRAIT MADE IN 1772

GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

"God left him childless that he might be the father of his country."

LIFE IN "OLD VIRGINIA"

In 1732, when Benjamin Franklin first began to teach the colonists the wisdom of "Poor Richard," George Washington was born in the English colony of Virginia. Franklin was twenty-six years the older, a man of the town and the North. Washington was of the country and the South. Great was the difference between North and South. Unlike busy New England, "Old Virginia" had no cities, no industries. The only towns—and they were very small—were Norfolk, on the sea, and Williamsburg, the capital. Except on court and church days, the sleepy county seats, needed for court house, prison and church, were usually as quiet as the silent woods about them. Virginia was a land of plantations. The countless rivers, streams and inlets that cross it in the east, and through which the slow ocean tides from Chesapeake Bay ebb and flow, made roads almost unnecessary, for nearly every plantation could be reached by boat.

The plantation was a little world by itself. In the center of a group of buildings that seemed a village, was the great, square, white house of the planter, with its wide verandahs and large brick chimneys. About it were lofty pines and oaks shading a velvety

lawn—nearby, a garden fragrant with roses, jasmine and other southern flowers. At one side stood the low white cabins of the negroes, each with its tiny melon patch. In great, rough, open sheds tobacco hung drying from long poles.

Once a year a ship came to the planter's wharf and brought him, directly from his agent in England, clothes, linen, furniture, pictures, books, wine, medicine—everything he needed which was not made on his own plantation. He reloaded the ship with tobacco, which was the money of Virginia. With tobacco he paid all bills, wages, court fines, even minister's fees. The dark green, waving masses of its broad, curving leaves spread in unending fields over the rolling country. Tobacco was the wealth of the land.

The first settlers in Virginia had found the Indians smoking the dried leaves of a strange plant, that they themselves soon called "tobacco," from the Indian name of the pipe in which it was smoked. The white men tried it and liked it, and then sent bundles of it to England. Englishmen quickly learned the habit of smoking, and soon the world's demand for tobacco grew faster than Virginia could supply it. By 1612 the settlers planted it as a regular crop. By 1616 they were giving nearly all their time to it, for tobacco was easily grown in the fertile soil, and sold for good prices. Before long, hundreds of immigrants, eager to make their fortunes, crowded across the Atlantic Ocean in the small sailing vessels of that day. Shiploads of girls were sent from England to be wives to these early settlers. They were free to choose their husbands, but no man could claim his bride until he had paid one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco for her passage.

A living tide from the old world was soon pouring into the new, but still Virginia could not raise enough tobacco for the English market. Her laborers were too few. In 1619 it happened that a Dutch man-of-war brought twenty negroes from Africa and sold them in Virginia for slaves. The planters found this service for life without pay a great saving. The negroes were often lazy, but they were good natured, and intelligent labor was not needed for hoeing tobacco. More negroes were bought. In this way began the horrors of the slave trade and our country's long curse of slavery.

When Washington was born, more than a hundred years had passed since the first permanent settlement of Virginia. The colony had a half million people living their picturesque plantation life—at last without fear of the Indians—nearly all of them in comfort and some of them in wealth. The planters were simple, care-free country gentlemen, keen sportsmen, daring hunters and on very good terms with themselves and with the world. They were mostly idle and pleasure-loving, for they found life easy and generous. Yet, when the time of need came, Virginia gave many of our greatest soldiers, lawyers and statesmen to the service of the nation. She has been called the "Mother of Presidents," because eight of our twenty-eight presidents were born within her borders. Such was the life of "Old Virginia" to which George Washington was born.

WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD

It was in 1656 that George Washington's great grandfather, John Washington, emigrated from England, seeking in the new world a better living and a better fortune. Hard-working and thrifty, he took

up rich lands in Virginia; his plantation grew, and he became colonel in the militia. In the House of Burgesses—the lower house of the Virginia legislature—he won such honor that the parish he lived in was given the name of Washington even before his death. His grandson Augustine, ship's captain, planter, mine owner—member, too, of the House of Burgesses—was a man of character and high intelligence. He married Mary Ball, a beautiful Virginian. They lived at Bridge's Creek in the old Washington homestead, whose fertile fields sloped down to the Potomac River, which flooded slow and wide to the great bay beyond. To them George Washington was born—fifth child and fourth son—at ten o'clock on the morning of February 22, 1732.

Washington's father died when he was twelve years old. Two of his older brothers, like other Virginia boys of good family, had their schooling in England, but George could not hope for this. Mary Washington, his young mother, had much land indeed—her husband had left five thousand acres when he died—but she had five small children to educate, and little ready money with which to do it. Fortunately, she was not only a loving mother, but a woman of strong will and remarkable business ability. After Mr. Washington's death she directed the work on her large plantation.

Reading, writing and arithmetic Washington learned in a small school kept by the sexton of the parish church. His mother early took an active part in his education. It was to her, people said afterward, that Washington owed his power to govern and his love of order. In the respectful manner of the time, the boy always addressed her in his letters as "Honored Madam" and signed himself, "Your

dutiful son.” One of his companions gives a picture of the awe she inspired by saying: “We were all as mute as mice when in her presence.”

It was natural that a boy, who was to be a great general, should play soldiers in a practical way. Hearing all about him stirring tales of arms from abroad and from the frontier, he loved to fight mock battles with his playmates, who took the part of the French and the savage Indians. He was the “general” of a small company of boy soldiers, which he sternly drilled and led forth with pride, always to victory, never to defeat. And he soon proved himself a born leader among the boys in the rough sports of Virginia, just as he did later among men in the heroic days of the Revolution.

George Washington, it had been decided, was to be a Virginia planter like his father. In Virginia the sons of planters were taught how to draw up bills, receipts, and even leases and deeds, because there were few lawyers in the colony, and a planter often had to do such work himself. This, therefore, became an important part of Washington’s education. Several of his books, filled with many kinds of accounts and business forms, all copied in his round, bold hand, still exist. In one of these books, he wrote out a list of a hundred and ten rules of conduct, that chiefly taught self-control. His copying these rules shows how remarkably sober and thoughtful he was even as a boy of fourteen. Self-control he learned early, and this was the secret of his power to control other men.

Even in his childhood Washington spent much time at Mount Vernon, the home of his oldest brother Lawrence, who in the army and navy had gallantly served the King of England in Spain and in the West Indies. Near Mount Vernon was the richly furnished

home of William Fairfax, Belvoir, where the best and most cultured society of the colony constantly met. Mt. Vernon shared in all the gayeties of Belvoir. There were often visitors from over-sea, especially officers of British men-of-war anchored in the Potomac. And so it was in the company of these British soldiers—talking now of war with the French and Indians—and in the company of the gallants and fair ladies of Virginia that George Washington was bred. He breathed an air filled with romance, war and adventure.

And romance came first. For here this lad of fifteen suddenly gave his heart into the keeping of a "Virginia belle," his "Lowland Beauty," as he always afterward called her. The lady cared little for her youthful lover, and Washington wrote a long poem on her cruelty. There is a story that the "Lowland Beauty" became the wife of Washington's dear friend, Richard Henry Lee; the mother of the beloved "Light Horse Harry," who served under Washington in the Revolution; and the grandmother of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the great Confederate leader in the Civil War.

It was soon after this, that Admiral Vernon captured Porto Bello. Fired with the tale, Washington longed to throw aside his books for the King's service. He was barely fifteen—too young for the army, but not for the navy—and through his brother's help he quickly had an appointment as midshipman. They say that the young midshipman was in uniform, ready to go on a man-of-war lying in the Potomac, when Madame Washington refused her consent. Her brother had written from England, that there was small chance in the English navy for a lad without money or influence; and as for going to sea as a sailor, the boy had better become a tinker's appren-

tice—so difficult was it for a man ever to become as great a thing as the master of a Virginia ship!

Disappointed, but obedient, Washington returned to school. Five years and more must pass before he could take possession of the estate left him by his father. Till then he must earn money. Surveying land was the only work, at that time, open in Virginia to a young gentleman of his age and position. So he studied geometry and trigonometry, surveyed the fields about the school house, and made notes with the neatness and perfection that, throughout his life, marked everything he did. In after years his knowledge of surveying was of the greatest use to him in countless ways: In his work as a planter; in planning as army officer and general, marches and camps and forts; and in selecting a site for our national capital, that was later to be named Washington in his honor. Reading too, was an important part of his education. Unlike Franklin who had to work hard for money to buy a few books, he had the best books constantly at hand in his own home and in the library of Mount Vernon.

Barely sixteen, Washington went to live at Mount Vernon. Recognizing the high spirit and honor of the fine lad, Lawrence Washington gave himself to his young brother's development with the same love and tenderness that he would have shown a son of his own. Indeed, his will provided that if his only daughter should die, George should be his heir.

LORD FAIRFAX AND THE FRONTIER

Within another year George Washington began to seem a man grown. He took a more active part in the social life of Mount Vernon and Belvoir. In the saddle, in the open air life of sport and daring, on the trail of the fox, bear and wild cat, wherever strength

and courage were the test, he was the comrade and equal of the men who were his brother's guests. One of these, Lord Fairfax, had an important influence on his life and on the shaping of his character.

This nobleman and scholar, jilted by an English beauty, had turned his back upon the world of fashion, and crossed the ocean to cultivate his vast estates in Virginia. Though nearly sixty, he was a man full of life and vigor. From the first he loved Washington for his nobility of character and strength of will. Together they rode and hunted in the tangled forests of Virginia, the lad gaining from the man a knowledge of the great world that no books could give him; gaining, too, something of old world culture and address. And just as Washington's courtly manner to high and low alike, came largely from his friendship with this fine gentleman, so his clear, simple English he owed mostly to this friend of Addison and Steele, who also wrote for the *Spectator*, the very paper over which Franklin had worked so hard, when he wished to learn how to write clearly and well.

Lord Fairfax planned to build a mansion on the great estate that he had inherited from his grandfather, but he wished first to know just where his lands lay, and how far they extended. In his young friend he found a surveyor he could trust with this important task.

George Washington, not yet seventeen, was tall and slender but well knit. His arms were very long, his wrists and hands extremely large; his muscles wiry from hard exercise. Light brown hair fell back from a manly face, where strong passions were marked in the broad nose, the large blue eyes, and the great width of forehead between them. His jaw was strong and square, his expression "happy and serene." The

power of the man had begun to look forth from the eyes of the boy.

With a few helpers Washington rode in March, 1748, through the forests and over the mountains to his first important work in the world. No more than a school boy, he was plunged at once into rough frontier life. Working through tangled woods, swimming icy streams swollen with melting snow, suffering from cold, often wet and hungry, watching the mad dances of drunken Indians around their camp fire at night, sleeping now in some tent or comfortless cabin, now under the brilliant stars, he wrote his diary and made his maps and surveys for Lord Fairfax.

With a dash he entered into this man's work, and its hardships, and pushed it through to its finish. He wrote to a boy friend: "I have not sleep'd above three nights or four in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all the day, I lay down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder or bear-skin, whatever is to be had, with man, wife and children, like a parcel of dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. A doubloon"—a doubloon was worth about \$5.00—"is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit of my going out, and sometimes six pistoles;"—a pistole was worth one-quarter of a doubloon—"I have never had my clothes off, but have lain and slept in them, except the few nights I have been in Frederick Town."

Within a month he was back again at Belvoir, the work done and well done. He laid before Lord Fairfax maps and figures that gave him a clear knowledge of his estates.

Through the help of Lord Fairfax, Washington was now made public surveyor of Culpepper County, where his careful surveys became a part of the public records,

and are still in use today. In the new country of Virginia there was a great demand for able surveyors and Washington soon had all the work he could do. For a good three years he led this rough life, growing more fearless of danger and better able to stand fatigue and exposure, gaining new knowledge of woodcraft and of the Indians. Silent and straight as an arrow, he came to look like an Indian himself, people said, and he moved through the woods with an Indian's peculiar step.

Tramping and riding over the border lands of Virginia, the young surveyor was soon widely known and greatly liked by the settlers. At Lord Fairfax's new home of Greenway Court, he enjoyed the sport, the gaiety and the fine library. Mt. Vernon remained his home. There he studied the elements of the art of war, and was trained in the use of the broadsword by two good friends, Major Muse, and Jacob van Braam, an old Dutch soldier of fortune. And he often found time to visit his mother and help her in the management of her estate.

MAJOR WASHINGTON AT TWENTY

But within three years, this life with all its good training was sharply cut off. Lawrence, the elder brother, never strong, had fallen ill of consumption. Hoping to find a cure in the balmy air of the West Indies, he went to the Bahama Islands, and George went with him as nurse and loved companion. Alert and observant, our young surveyor made notes in his diary of the scenery, the government, the customs and people of the islands.

On their return Lawrence died and a great change came over Washington's life. His boyhood was gone

forever. He at once faced larger duties and responsibilities. Before leaving for the Bahamas, Lawrence had obtained for his nineteen year old brother his own commission as Major and District Adjutant of the militia. On their return, Gov. Dinwiddie reduced the military districts of the colony of Virginia to four, and assigned one of them to Washington under the title of Major and Adjutant General. So at the age of twenty Washington had charge of the militia of eleven counties. He was, besides, executor of his brother's large estate and the guardian of his daughter.

And now came his first chance of service to the state, leading to a great career in arms. For years there had been growing rivalry between France and England for the possession of America. The frontiers had seen bloodshed. The French in their fort at Niagara boldly held the way to the Great Lakes.

By births and immigration the country was rapidly growing. Hundreds of settlers were now pushing westward from the English frontiers in Pennsylvania and Virginia. New English trading posts and settlements were springing up in the beautiful Ohio Valley. English settlers along the Ohio River meant English control of that great water way to the Mississippi River and to the Gulf of Mexico. The French decided that it was time for them to act, and the able French general, Marquis Duquesne, promptly built a fort on Lake Erie, near a branch of the Ohio. Gov. Dinwiddie of Virginia, like the governors of the other colonies, felt sure Duquesne would not stop at that. News of the danger was hurried to England. There could be but one answer: "If the French will not go, drive them away by force of arms."

Gov. Dinwiddie was quick to write a letter to the commander of Duquesne's new fort to ask by what

right the French were building forts, and doing other acts of war on lands that belonged to the King of England. He chose Washington for his messenger, because the young major of twenty-two had already proved his courage, and knew the wilderness as well as any Indian.

On the last day of October in that year of 1754, Washington set out with his fencing master Jacob van Braam, as interpreter; with Christopher Gist, a hardy frontiersman as guide; and with a little company of trusted men. The journey was a hard and dangerous one, but after six weeks in the forest, the band of eight rode their jaded horses up to the rough-built little French fort and delivered the governor's letter. While St. Pierre, the French commander, was writing his polite answer which gave no promise that the French would leave the Ohio Valley, Washington shrewdly sketched the fort and studied its condition and surroundings.

In the dead of winter the journey home began. Leaving his weakened horses behind to follow with the baggage, Washington alone with Gist, pushed ahead on foot. At two in the morning they often began their day's march, guided by the north star. Just escaping murder at the hands of some French Indians; falling from a raft into a river's floating ice, then fighting his way to an island and sleeping with his clothes frozen stiff upon him; struggling on in spite of aching feet and great weariness, he reached Williamsburg by the middle of January.

Washington was at once a hero. From that moment his fortune was made, for he had proved his ability. His story of the journey gave a clear account of what he had seen and heard, and of the plans of the French. Gov. Dinwiddie had it printed and sent a copy of it

to London and to the governor of every colony. Clearly war was at hand.

THE FIRST SHOT IN THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

On this journey in his twenty-third year, Major Washington had selected the forks of the Ohio as a commanding place for an English fort. Immediately, in spite of the snow and ice of winter, a party of frontiersmen, under Capt. Trent, was hurried out to build it.

Washington, young as he was, was offered the command of three hundred and fifty men to follow Trent. He refused it, writing that he loved his country too much to put upon it the risk of using so untried a leader as himself for so important an undertaking. Colonel Fry was then given the chief command, and Washington was made his assistant, with the rank of lieutenant colonel. Early in April, at the head of an advance force of one hundred and fifty men, he left to join Trent and help him finish his fort. Bad news met them on the way. Trent himself appeared, and he was in retreat. The French had at once destroyed the work of the English, and in the same place had laid the foundations of Ft. Duquesne.

This was war. Sending a call for troops to Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, Washington immediately took up the march against the enemy. But he soon learned that the French were now fourteen hundred strong, and that Ft. Duquesne was nearly finished. Knowing the folly of attack, he camped his handful of men at Great Meadows, just across the mountains from his enemy.

Waiting there for help, his watchful outposts

brought the news that a French scouting party was near. Washington with forty men at once plunged into the dark, wet forest to find and capture them. At last they came upon the enemy hidden in a clump of dripping trees. A quick volley, a dash with bayonets and the fight was won. A single man escaped to carry the news to the French. So began a great war. It was Washington's first battle and the danger-loving soldier spoke in his letter to his brother: "I heard the bullets whistle and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

Back at his camp at Great Meadows, Washington's position quickly became desperate. His men, counting those who had just come to help him, numbered only three hundred and fifty. Col. Fry had died on the way, leaving him alone in command. Hastily with his men he dug rough trenches, and these he well named Ft. Necessity. A thousand French and Indians were now hurrying down from the North to avenge the death of their scouts.

The enemy—French soldiers, trappers and painted Indians—were soon seen at the edge of the forest. For nine hours through rain, and a heavy mist that almost blinded the eyes, the fight went on. More than fifty men lay dead and wounded on the wet ground. The worn-out troops stood in water-filled trenches. Their earth works were sticky mud, their guns wet and useless, their powder and bullets gone. They were almost without food, and could hope for no further help. Worst of all, the French were four to their one. By the light of a candle, blowing wildly in wind and rain, Jacob van Braam translated to the drenched English officers the terms the French offered. The English would be allowed to leave with their arms, if they promised not to return to the Ohio with-

in a year. Washington accepted these conditions.

Then began the long dreary journey back without horses or wagons—the young commander, heavy hearted, yet brave and cheery for the sake of his miserable men—the men, bending beneath their load of wounded comrades, and what was left of their baggage, dragged themselves wearily over the long rough miles home.

This first defeat was a bitter blow to the pride and ambition of the ardent young soldier. Yet no man could have done more, and Virginia was proud of him. She gave thanks to him and to his officers, and she gave money to his men. This campaign was the beginning of that hard drill in war, which was to result in Washington's trained ability and wonderful mastery of himself and men. Twenty-one years to a day after the defeat at Ft. Necessity, he drew his sword as Commander-in-Chief of the American army.

The hot-headed Scotch governor, Dinwiddie, was for sending at once a new force to punish the French, and ordered Washington to lead it. But the honor, the clear judgement and good sense of the young colonel opposed this mad plan. Gov. Dinwiddie then decided to enlarge the little army to ten companies of one hundred men, each under an independent captain. This was so impossible and so foolish a proposal that Washington resigned from the army and returned to Mt. Vernon.

COLONEL WASHINGTON AND BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

But Washington had lit the flame of a great war the day he fired that first volley near Ft. Necessity. To drive all the French from the English lands, Gen.

Braddock, as commander-in-chief, was now sent with two regiments across the ocean from England. He was brave but brutal, a veteran soldier, yet ignorant of Indian warfare, and too proud and sure of success to learn, or to listen to any advice. No one could have been more unfit for his task.

It gave Washington keen pleasure to watch the splendidly drilled English soldiers, fully supplied with everything an army needs. He had never seen war made ready on so grand a scale. Braddock offered him a position on his own staff and Washington joyfully accepted. At the beginning of the French and Indian war, the staff of an English general of the regular army treated most colonial officers with indifference or contempt, but these English officers saw something that commanded their respect in the able young Virginian, soldierly and tall, who bore himself so proudly among them.

Delay after delay roused Braddock's hot temper. At last, nearly the middle of June, the advance against the French began. After nine days' slow crawling, burdened with heavy baggage, Washington persuaded Braddock to send twelve hundred men ahead, leaving the rest to follow. And he begged him to send scouts far in advance to prevent a surprise by the Indians, but Braddock angrily refused.

On the ninth day of July, by the river bank a few miles from Fort Duquesne, this gallant band of soldiers marched to its fate. Braddock himself, gorgeous in red and gold lace, led them, their brilliant uniforms and arms flashing in the sunlight against the sombre green background of the forest. Suddenly a French officer appeared in an opening, running towards them. Behind him, shadowy forms half hid in the dense forest, leaped right and left, and sheltered by trees

poured a deadly fire into the English ranks. Bravely enough the British soldiers, shouting "God Save the King," gave back volley after volley. But their bravery was in vain. The foe was hidden, while their own bright coats were only targets for Indian bullets. Washington urged Braddock to order his men into the forest to fight like the Indians, but he would not, and when the soldiers to protect themselves sprang behind trees, he swore angrily at the "cowards," as he called them, and struck them with his sword.

Washington's Virginians alone, fought in true Indian fashion. With help they might have saved the day. Hardly able to sit his horse for weakness from a fever, Washington lost himself in the fury of the fight. Fearing no danger, urging the men on to courage and victory, he galloped into the very thick of the firing. His life seemed charmed. Two horses were shot under him. Four bullets cut his coat. Still he was without a wound and the Indians murmured in awe: "It is useless. He is protected by the Great Spirit."

Forced to retreat at last, Braddock was hit by a fatal shot. His soldiers wild with fear, amid a hail of pursuing bullets, fled like madmen into the dark night, passing even their own camp and tearing on towards the settlements. More than seven hundred were killed and Washington alone saved the rest from entire destruction. Braddock died with praises on his lips for the gallant Virginia "blues," and regrets for his hot refusal of all advice. To Washington he gave his favorite horse and his devoted servant Bishop, who had carried him dying from the field. They buried Braddock near Ft. Necessity in the rough roadway, so that any trace of his grave might be hid from the savage foe by the tracks of the heavy army wagons

that passed over it. Eighty-five years later a memento of that terrible day was found on the old battlefield. It was Washington's seal with his initials.

Fearing that Indian raids would follow close on the French success at Ft. Duquesne, Virginia increased her forces and made Washington commander-in-chief. Always short of money from the miserly Burgesses, his provisions were scanty, his men without shoes, shirts and stockings. They were not eager for work or training, but very eager for their pay. Special laws had to be made to force them to obey their officers. Disobedience turned to mutiny in many cases, and then Washington became a stern master, promptly hanging the mutineers. Everything seemed to be against him. And yet he did not shrink from the almost hopeless task of protecting three hundred and fifty miles of frontier from the murderous dashes of Indian bands, that often in the dead of night stole, torch in hand, through swamp and forest to their terrible work.

Settlers, crazed with fear, fled to Washington for help. At times even he lost heart. "The supplicating tears of the women," wrote the young commander-in-chief, "melt me into such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease. I would be a willing offering to savage fury and die by inches to save the people."

PEACE AND MOUNT VERNON

The great William Pitt now became prime minister of England, and he at once put the war in America into the hands of able men. Dinwiddie was recalled, a new attack on Ft. Duquesne was planned, and at last

Washington's advice was followed. The lesson had been learned. Each officer and soldier in Indian dress, and "light as any Indian in the woods," the troops entered the fateful forest, where Braddock's men had been butchered. They found nothing to do but hoist the English Union Jack over the smoking walls of Ft. Duquesne; for the French, fearing they would be cut off by the English in the North, had abandoned and burned their fortress. There was now no need of an army in the Ohio Valley. A new fortress arose on the ruins of Fort Duquesne—on the very spot which Washington himself had first selected. In honor of the famous prime minister, it was named Fort Pitt. There today stands the city of Pittsburgh.

News from Canada, in 1759, of the capture of Quebec, told that the French power in America was at an end. With the coming of peace, Washington left the army to lead the life of a Virginia gentleman at Mt. Vernon, which had become his own through the death of his niece. He was soon elected a member of the House of Burgesses. At his first appearance in the house, Speaker Robinson rose to thank him for his services, now on the lips of every Virginian. Blushing and confused, Washington stood, unable to utter a word. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the Speaker, "your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess." During the years that followed, and until the coming of the Revolution, Washington served Virginia as a Burgess.

Meanwhile, on a day in May, in 1758, as he rode on orders to Williamsburg, with the faithful Bishop at his side, Washington had been met by a friend and asked to his home to dine, and—for this was part of the invitation—to meet a beautiful young widow,

his guest. Since the affair of the "Lowland Beauty," the young soldier's heart, so history says, had beaten the quicker for the charms of another Virginia maiden and of a New York belle, but now it made its final surrender. Dinner was over, Bishop and the restless horses at the door. The shadows lengthened, and still Washington tarried, forgetful of everything but the charms of sweet Martha Custis. Twilight came, and the horses were sent back to the stable. It was well on in the morning of the next day before Washington bowed low in farewell over the lovely widow's hand, and spurred his horse on to Williamsburg. His duty there done, he returned and sought her at once—this time at her own home. When again he left her, he carried with him to the frontier the promise of her love. This is part of a letter he wrote her, while on the march for the Ohio: "A courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts have been continually going to you as to another self. That an all-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful and ever affectionate friend, G. Washington."

- It was on January sixth, 1759, that a brilliant wedding took place at the little Virginia church. In the clear winter sunshine, the soldierly bridegroom, bravely clad in blue, silver and scarlet, gold buckles at knee and instep, rode beside the window of the coach and six that bore his radiant bride. Following them in other coaches was a party of "Virginia belles" in their beautiful silks and satins, attended by a group of His Majesty's officers, resplendent in red and gold.

After three months of peaceful content at his bride's



MARTHA WASHINGTON



home, Washington took his wife and her two little children, Jack and Patty Custis, to Mount Vernon.

For fifteen years he gave himself to the life of a Virginia planter with the same right good will as he had to that of a soldier. Washington chose capable men for his overseers, but he himself looked to every detail of work on his large estates. Rising often before light, early in the saddle, directing overseers and negroes, breaking in new horses, training his fine hunting dogs, studying and improving his crops, he passed his days. Washington believed that "Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well." He was a man like Franklin, who knew how to work with his hands and loved to do it. He often labored with his men, setting out trees, or skillfully swinging a hammer at a blacksmith's forge.

He himself wrote all his letters and long orders to England. He watched the changes in foreign prices and duties. He kept exact account of every detail of his own and his wife's property. In a few years he became known as a planter on both sides of the Atlantic. England found his tobacco the best in all Virginia. Barrels of flour, marked "George Washington—Mount Vernon" were passed without examination at the West Indian ports. His wife's estate, joined to his own, made him one of the richest men in Virginia, where most planters were heavily in debt. But the increase of this wealth was due to hard work, thrift, wise management. When Washington died he owned more than fifty-one thousand acres of land, and was probably the greatest landholder in America. His estate was valued at more than a half million dollars.

Devoted to his "dear Patsy," as he always called his wife, whose portrait in miniature he wore around his neck till the day of his death, and loving her two little

children as tenderly as if they were his own, these years at Mount Vernon were happy indeed. His house was always filled with guests. The pleasant life of Virginia, with its card parties and balls—he was particularly fond of dancing; the hearty hospitality of its homes, with their tea parties, “social and gay;” the blood warming zest of its fox hunts in the forests; all these he keenly enjoyed. To his slaves and servants he was strict as a soldier, but he was just and kind. His blazing temper might flame up so hotly as nearly to destroy a cowardly poacher on his plantation, who raised a gun against him. Yet his heart was so tender that he once gave the order that slaves stricken with small-pox were to be taken to his own room and a nurse sent for. He owned several hundred slaves, but at his death made provision in his will for the freedom of them all. He wished to see slavery abolished by law, but only a few generous and liberal men agreed with him.

With the passing of the years since that day when Washington stood silent and modest before the House of Burgesses, he had gained ease and power in dealing with men. He was now a strong leader, because he had followed his own shrewd advice to a nephew, also a Burgess: “If you have a mind to command the attention of the House, speak seldom, but on important subjects; and make yourself perfect master of the subject. Never exceed a decent warmth, and submit your sentiments with diffidence. A dictatorial style, though it may carry conviction, is always accompanied with disgust.”

THE COMING OF THE REVOLUTION

The colonies had come out of the French and Indian war sure of themselves and their power. They had

fought side by side with British regulars, and proved themselves their equals, and at times their superiors. Now heavy clouds were gathering. The storm broke with the Stamp Act of 1765. A roar of indignation burst forth in the colonies, crossed the ocean and startled the King and his ministers, startled even Benjamin Franklin himself, the shrewd and well informed American "agent" in London. It had begun not in rebellious Massachusetts, but in Virginia, where men were so loyal to the King, that they were often called "royalists." The year before, the House of Burgesses had sent to England its protest against "taxation without representation." But now the Stamp Act was law. Defiance meant rebellion.

As soon as the House met to discuss the Stamp Act, Patrick Henry, a young lawyer of great power, sprang to his feet. Rough of garb and speech, awkward in movement, but quick to read and touch the hearts of men, his voice rang out like a trumpet in defiance of Parliament and for the liberties of Virginia: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third" . . . "Treason! treason!" shouted some royalist members of the House. "If that be treason, make the most of it!" he boldly answered. It was the same great Henry, who later was to cry out in a famous speech: "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery. Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death." His bold warning started a furious debate.

Almost single handed Patrick Henry won the fight. Through the battle of words Washington had sat apart, quiet and thoughtful. The governor held it his duty to dissolve the House, but he could not pre-

vent the proud and independent men of Virginia from thinking and discussing this vital question. Patrick Henry was soon known throughout the colonies for his brave and eloquent defense of the rights of Englishmen in America.

Washington rejoiced in the repeal of the Stamp Act. But he soon knew that the great question had not been settled. A mighty struggle was about to begin, and from peaceful Mount Vernon he watched the thickening storm of war. He heard from across the seas the voice of England: "Parliament has power to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever." Yet Parliament had withdrawn the hated taxes from everything but tea. But paying a tax on tea would still be "taxation without representation," and the colonies held to their rights as Englishmen. Washington watched the growing spirit of rebellion; he heard the amazing story of the arrival of British troops in the old New England city of Boston, of the bloodshed in her streets. People were soon talking of war. In anger he wrote to a friend: "At a time when our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom, something should be done to avert the stroke, and maintain that liberty which we have derived from our ancestors. That no man should scruple or hesitate a moment to use arms in defense of so valuable a blessing is clearly my opinion. Yet arms, I would beg leave to add, should be the last resource."

A heavy stillness filled the air. Even the savage Indians were dully restless like animals that fear a coming storm. Self-made leaders sprang up in Virginia: Patrick Henry, Dabney Carr, Richard Henry Lee and Thomas Jefferson. Plans of action were dis-

cussed and adopted by these patriots, who were one in mind and heart.

At this time of public stress and strain, when all men were anxious, a great sorrow came to Washington. At the age of sixteen, beautiful Patty Custis died. She had been the darling of Washington's heart from the time he wrote in his diary, "for Miss Custis, 4 years old, 1 fashionable dressed baby 10 shillings," and, "other toys 10 shillings," till he was ordering party dresses, and slippers for her dancing feet. Her death brought one of the heaviest sorrows of his life. Upon Nellie Custis, her little niece, Washington in after years showered the affection he had given to his lost Patty.

Torn from his grief by the danger of his country, the patriot was at once ready for service. Boston had now seen the opening of the Revolution. In defiance, fifty of her citizens, dressed as Mohawk Indians, had tossed three hundred and forty chests of taxed tea into the sea. And in punishment the English Parliament had closed Boston's rebel port to all commerce. The day on which this happened was made a day of prayer and fasting by the Virginia Assembly, and for this act it was promptly dissolved by the governor of Virginia. Washington's fighting blood was now roused. "Shall we after this whine and cry for relief," he wrote, "when we have already tried it in vain?" With fire in his eye and a masterly strength in his words that stirred the hearts of his hearers, he spoke at Williamsburg before representatives from all Virginia: "I will raise one thousand men," he cried, "enlist them at my own expense and march, myself at their head, for the relief of Boston." That very day he was chosen one of six men to attend the first congress of the colonies.

THE FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

Late in sultry August, 1774, three horsemen, George Washington, Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, rode slowly and soberly forth from Mt. Vernon on the long journey to the North. These were Martha Washington's parting words: "I hope you will all stand firm. I know George will. God be with you, gentlemen." Twenty years before, Washington, a young and carefree officer, brilliant in gold lace and arms, had ridden gayly with his comrades through this very forest, the future bright with the dreams of youth. Now a man in the prime of his life, and marked by recent sorrow, he rode gravely, before his eyes the troubled future, his country's burden heavy on his heart.

On the fifth of September in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, there met the first congress of the colonies that was ever held in America. Fifty-one men, strangers from North and South, yet brothers in a common cause, looked into each other's eyes. Englishmen all they were, who still sang "God Save the King," but at the same time demanded from the King the rights and liberties that belonged by birth to all Englishmen. This was their first opportunity to know each other and to act together as one. Among them were many great and noble men—orators and statesmen—since famous as patriots. Here Washington was soon known by all, and known, not as a man of words, but as a man of action, of solid information and sound judgement.

The independence of the colonies was as yet rarely spoken of. Franklin declared that he had talked with all classes of people, in all parts of the country, but had never heard independence mentioned. And

Washington wrote to a captain of the King's troops in Boston: "Though you are taught to believe that the people of Massachusetts are rebellious, setting up for independence, and what not, give me leave, my good friend, to tell you that you are abused, grossly abused. It is not the wish or interest of that government, or any other upon this continent, to set up for independence. But this you may at the same time rely on, that none of them will ever submit to the loss of those valuable rights and privileges, which are essential to the happiness of every free state and without which life, liberty and property are rendered totally insecure."

After seven weeks of debate, Congress drew up a petition to the King and memorials to the people of Great Britain and America. Here was indeed no rebellion, but a Declaration of Rights from free subjects to their King, rights they would give their lives to defend. Washington rode homeward, thoughtful and prepared for the worst. "I could wish, I own," he had said in Philadelphia, "that this dispute had been left to posterity."

The great Chatham earnestly defended America's cause. Speaking in Parliament of the repeal of the taxes, he cried: "It is not cancelling a piece of parchment that can win back America. You must respect her fears and her resentments." But England tossed aside America's Declaration of Rights. King and Parliament were alike blind to the future. Massachusetts was declared in rebellion and the seaports of New England were closed.

Angry defiance swept America from North to South. "We must fight," cried Patrick Henry. "I repeat it, sir, we must fight. An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us." A frenzy of

preparation now seized the colonists. By February the news came from Williamsburg: "The whole country is full of soldiers, all furnished, all in arms. Never was such vigor and concord heard of." Each company of troops, formed in Virginia, called for Washington as its commander. At the end of March the second Continental Congress summoned him to be at Philadelphia May 10th. Strong to serve his country in her hour of danger, he accepted the call, saying simply: "It is my full intention to devote my life and my fortune to this cause."

Stirring news came from the village of Lexington near Boston. The British regulars had secretly marched from Boston at midnight to seize the military stores at Concord. The news of their starting had been flashed by a lantern from the steeple of the Old North Church, and Paul Revere, clattering on horseback over moonlit roads, had "spread the alarm for the countryside to be up and to arm." In the morning, the 19th of April, a band of patriots called "Minute Men," because they were ready to be called out "on the minute," had "fired the shot heard round the world." By night the British had been forced back to Boston by the Massachusetts militia, leaving nearly three hundred men in the king's red coats lying silent in the roads and meadows. Early the next day the colonial army was swarming about Boston.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

To the Congress at Philadelphia Washington rode. War had begun. The work of Congress this time was not to discuss, but to act. Before Boston sixteen thousand men from North and South had flocked to the standard in a week. The first need was for Congress to

appoint a strong commander to hold this army together. The power of Washington's tall and majestic figure in his military cloak drew all eyes to him. It was John Adams of Massachusetts, who rose, and said that he had "but one gentleman in mind" to command the army, "a gentleman from Virginia, who is among us and very well known to all of us; a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer could unite the cordial exertions of all the colonies, better than any other person in the Union." Washington, surprised and modest, slipped silently from the room.

On the sixteenth of June Washington accepted the commission in words that won him honor. First of all, he refused to receive any payment for his services, and then continued: "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in this room, that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with."

And the Commander-in-Chief wrote his wife: "You may believe me, my dear Patsy, that so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor to avoid it. I should enjoy more real happiness with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose."

By June twenty-first Washington and his escort of troops were on the road to Boston. Long afterward it was told how along the way, men and women, lifting their little children, pressed forward to look upon their commander. After his noble form and face had passed, they turned again to their work with new

strength and courage. They had seen the man who was to be the champion of their rights.

The troops before Boston had not waited for Washington's coming to strike the British. The English general, William Howe, and his trained regulars, ten thousand strong, held the city. British men-of-war lay in the harbor. Yet the raw troops of America had been first to seize and fortify the hills of Charleston, that commanded Boston. Charging up to the unfinished earthworks, three thousand British regulars were met again and again by a deadly fire from seventeen hundred resolute farmers. Powderless, the patriots at last retreated, but one thousand men was the price the British had paid for the victory of Bunker Hill.

The news met Washington just after he had started on the march for Boston, only twenty miles from Philadelphia. "Did the provincials stand the fire of the regular troops?" he asked anxiously. "That they did, and held their own fire in reserve until the enemy was within eight rods." "Then the liberties of the country are safe!" cried Washington.

Honored by escorts, parades and addresses in all the towns he passed, the Commander-in-Chief at last rode into Cambridge, three miles from Boston. The shouts of soldiers and the roar of cannon told the British in the city that Washington had come. The troops were drawn up before the tents of the American camp. And there, on July 3, 1775, on the green grass of Cambridge Common, crowds gathered in the breathless heat. A group of horsemen rode to the shade of a great elm tree that still stands. One splendid figure among them was the center for all eyes. Erect and handsome in his uniform of blue and buff, Washington gravely drew his sword from its scabbard and raised it high in the air. With a ringing shout of loyalty, these staid New

England people and soldiers took their Virginia general to their hearts.

THE FIRST OF THE REVOLUTION

It was a strange-looking army that Washington had come to command, uniformed and armed in a haphazard way, short of all supplies, eager to fight but rough of tongue and loose of discipline. The story is told that when Washington heard that there was in camp not half a pound of powder to a man, he was so struck by the peril of the army, that he did not utter a word for half an hour. By a Yankee trick, barrels filled with sand and topped with powder were delivered to the American army, to hide this dangerous truth from the British.

Eight months of hard and rapid work now followed. Washington soon proved himself a born teacher and leader of men—the Commander-in-Chief the country needed to save it. How wonderful was this work on the field and in his busy headquarters: Directing the building of earth-works and trenches for the shelter of his men, teaching and training his new troops, fixing the rank of his officers and soothing their jealousies, sending out privateers to capture British ships as prizes, hunting the country over for powder, writing countless letters!

But the hardest work of all was with Congress. Washington was continually urging it to furnish supplies to feed, clothe and arm his men. And again and again he implored it to make the term of enlistment of his soldiers longer, for, as they were obliged to serve for only six months or less, he saw his army melting away before his very eyes. It was the good fortune of America that the British were so content to rest in

Boston all these months. In the end, by Washington's hard work, a new army took the place of the old.

Washington, it is true, was Commander-in-Chief, but in every important matter he was still required to ask the advice of his generals. By the end of August he had hoped to drive the British from Boston. "Strike now!" he said, "and perhaps we need not strike again." But not until February could he persuade his generals to act. Early one morning the British in Boston saw ramparts and cannon on Dorchester Heights. They rubbed their eyes and looked again. "It is like the work of the genie of Aladdin's wonderful lamp," exclaimed one of the astonished "red coats." The night before under cover of heavy cannonading, far out at East Cambridge, two thousand Americans with their heavily laden wagons had reached the hills of Dorchester. Almost by magic their defenses grew, Washington giving more speed to their work by reminding them that that very day, March the 5th, six years before, British troops had first fired upon Americans. Bitterly the men thought of the Boston Massacre.

Slow to attack, remembering their heavy losses at Bunker Hill, Howe and the British waited. At last American shot and shell sang over the city. The American position was too strong to be taken. To remain meant destruction. So, the British army of ten thousand men, leaving valuable stores of all kinds, sailed for Halifax and were soon safely four hundred miles away to the North. The American army entered Boston, and Congress presented Washington with a gold medal as the deliverer of the city. Washington took for his new headquarters the house in which the British general, Howe, had lived. One day he lifted his landlady's small granddaughter on his knee, and

smilingly asked her which she liked better, the "red coats" or the provincials. "The 'red coats,'" said the child. "Ah, my dear," said the general, an amused gleam in his blue eyes, "they look better, but they don't fight. The ragged fellows are the boys for fighting."

By the middle of April Washington and his little army were in New York, where they were soon to be needed more than in Boston. He went to Philadelphia and urged upon Congress the need of separation from the mother country. Strengthened by his presence and influence, on the Fourth of July, 1776, a day that every year since has been celebrated by Americans as the birthday of the nation, Congress adopted and gave to the world the Declaration of Independence, written by Washington's friend, Thomas Jefferson. The Commander-in-Chief solemnly read its great words to his army. Men now knew they were no longer Colonials or Provincials or Englishmen, but free Americans and citizens of the Republic of the United States. In adopting the Declaration of Independence, Washington and his fellow patriots proclaimed that "all men are created equal," and that all have a right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

New York was now to be the center of the war. Already thirty thousand of the very best of the British troops had been landed on Staten Island in New York Bay. English men-of-war rode at anchor in the Hudson. General Howe one day threw twenty thousand of his picked troops against five thousand Americans in their trenches on the hills of Brooklyn, just across the bay. Taking one thousand prisoners and driving the Americans back to the heights, where Washington had now come with the rest of the American army,

Howe decided to wait till morning and then overwhelm them. But by the morning his prey was gone. For, ordering a company of his men to keep up a brisk firing at the British outposts throughout the night, as if an advance at any minute might be ordered, Washington, almost exhausted after forty-eight hours in the saddle, had taken his ten thousand men, their baggage and arms, safely across the East River, in spite of tide and heavy mist. This was the second great surprise that Washington had given Howe. Here, as in Boston, the American Commander-in-Chief proved the greater general.

But now, facing a much larger army, it was for Washington to retreat. His new and untrained troops sadly discouraged, the British army and navy threatening New York, he saw that battle was impossible. Fighting inch by inch, he retreated to the North. Once he met some of his soldiers running away from the British. In a storm of anger, he cried, "Are these the men with whom I am to defend America!" And, blind to danger, with sword and pistol, he furiously drove them back to their duty. One of his aides, seeing him within range of the British guns, grasped his horse's bridle, and pulled him back.

Followed by the British, he withdrew farther north, defeated them at Harlem Heights; held his ground for a time until again seeing he would be overwhelmed by numbers, he left New York for New Jersey, crossing the Hudson River.

Then began a remarkable retreat. Lord Cornwallis, following him with a large and victorious army, crossed the Hudson so promptly that, in their haste to escape, the Americans left their dinner kettles boiling on the fire at Fort Lee. Washington now had far more to fear than the danger of a battle with the

British, who were at his heels. Some of his men were deserting. Others were leaving, their enlistment ended; and there were few new recruits to fill the vacant places, for the first enthusiasm of the war had passed. Many of the people, in terror, were taking the oath to support King George III. Even Congress in alarm had left Philadelphia and gone to Baltimore. But Washington, with courage that never failed, saved his army by a rapid march south through New Jersey. He burned the bridges behind him, and often he had to destroy food and powder, which he could not carry, because the enemy pressed so hard after him. But at last with three thousand men he put the broad Delaware between himself and his foes.

Cornwallis, sure of success, hurried up to the banks of the river in pursuit, only to find the Americans gone and no boats for seventy miles. The British never seemed to understand the man they were fighting. Washington was as clever in retreating when the enemy outnumbered his army, as he was in fighting and winning a battle, when he could fight on equal terms. "The old fox," Cornwallis called him.

WINNING AND LOSING

By the end of the year, Washington had gathered together six thousand men, and with them he struck the British at Trenton a blow that put a new heart into Americans. Of a sudden, on Christmas night, in the black darkness, amid heavy cakes of ice that crunched against the boats, Washington and twenty-five hundred men crossed the Delaware. Then came a nine mile march over rough and icy roads, through heavy snow that blinded the eyes and froze on the guns. Two men died of the cold on that terrible night.

It was morning, when they reached the camp of the Hessians—the German soldiers that the British had hired to help them destroy the liberties of America. A hard battle at the point of the bayonet for nearly an hour and all was over. Col. Rahl, the commander, lay dead and one thousand of his men were prisoners. At once Gen. Cornwallis with an army of eight thousand came to punish and capture Washington. Close to the American tents on the Delaware the British camped for the night, Cornwallis telling his officers: “At last we have run down the old fox, and we’ll bag him in the morning.”

But once again the American fox was too wise to wait for the morning. Leaving a few men behind him to keep his camp fires burning, and to work noisily with their shovels so that the British would believe he was throwing up earth-works, Washington led his whole force by a roundabout road to Princeton, where in the morning he crushed the British rear in a sharp fight, calling in delight to his generals: “An old-fashioned Virginia fox-hunt, gentlemen!” And he gave the loud shout, the *view-halloo*, that the hunters cry when they first see the fox and dash after him with their hounds. Cornwallis could neither believe his eyes the next morning, when he saw that the Americans had vanished, nor could he believe his ears, when he heard of the defeat of his men at Princeton. There was soon nothing left for him to do but return to New York.

Within three weeks the tables were turned. Washington had driven the British from all but two of their posts in New Jersey. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, the greatest soldier of that day, said that it was the most brilliant campaign of the century. And he added: “This young American general opens a fresh

chapter in the art of war; England hasn't a man to match him." The American people now felt that the Revolution was safe in Washington's hands, and Congress at last gave him complete power over the army.

There was little fighting the rest of that winter. In the spring, Washington checked the British at every turn. But they soon had a plan for making their power secure in the State of New York. To help this plan Howe wished to capture Philadelphia and to destroy Washington's army. Washington could not save Philadelphia, and with his smaller army could do little but delay and obstruct the British. In this he did much, for he was to them a danger always at hand. But he was to know defeat, too, at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, though it had seemed impossible to the people that he could be defeated. For the Americans the one success of the year was the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne and his entire army at Saratoga, in northern New York. This ended British power in the North, gave the struggling patriots new courage, and, as we have seen, helped Franklin get money and men from France to establish the liberties of our young Republic.

Howe and his generals now settled down in comfort for a season of gayety in Philadelphia, and Washington and his troops went forward to the cold and hardship of the camp at Valley Forge. During this winter of '77 the tide of the Revolution was at its lowest ebb. The men in Congress cared more for the interests of their own states than they did for the welfare of the whole country. And there was even plotting against Washington himself.

In this time of great peril for the new nation, it was only Washington and a few men like him that held the union of states together. He always shared the

hardships of his men; he often slept on the ground; his food was sometimes only the boiled corn meal, that the Indians called "sepawn." His army, now filled with men of one heart, adored him; with him, and for him alone, they endured Valley Forge. Half naked, hungry, thin and pale of face, they worked in the fast falling snow, "like a family of beavers," at the log and mud huts that were to be their only shelter through the long, cold winter, within only a day's march of the enemy. Horses died of starvation, and starving men hauled their loads. Washington's soldiers were often shoeless, and as he wrote Congress, "their marches might be traced by the blood from their feet. From lack of blankets, numbers have been obliged, and still are, to sit up all night by fires, instead of taking comfortable rest in a natural and common way." Supplies failing, and hoping for no help from Congress, Washington at last forced the country people, who had been selling to the British in Philadelphia, to feed the patriot army. Mrs. Washington bravely shared even Valley Forge with her general. The officers' wives, too, joined them. Washington's whole soul was in the effort to keep his army alive that his country might have liberty. In after days an old Quaker told how he had seen a horse tied to a tree in a lonely wood at Valley Forge, and going farther along the path, saw Washington among some bushes on his knees in prayer.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE

By March there was new life in camp. Baron Steuben, a very able and experienced German officer, came to Valley Forge to help the American cause. Wonderful was the drill and training he gave the tired

men. He turned them into erect, disciplined soldiers. "You say to your soldier: 'Do this,' and he does it," he wrote to a friend in Germany. "But I am obliged to say to mine. 'This is the reason why you ought to do that,' and then he does it." But he grew to like the independent American and to admire his spirit.

With Steuben, to help in the great struggle for liberty, came the heroic Polish soldiers Kosciusko and Pulaski, and from France the young and able Lafayette, passionately devoted to the cause.

Late at night on the 4th of May, the good news came to camp that France had made an alliance with the United States and would help in her struggle for freedom. A madness of joy seized Valley Forge. Public thanksgiving was made. There were balls and a public dinner—shouts for the King of France—shouts for the United States. But for Washington there were ringing huzzas and thousands of hats tossed high in the air.

Philadelphia was now of little use to the British. At any time a French fleet might sail up the Delaware and bombard it, and Washington was always threatening the rear. Orders came from England to withdraw to New York. Succeeding Howe, Gen. Clinton started his march from Philadelphia, with Washington hard after him. Clinton reached New York with the wreck of an army, and shrewd old Frederick the Great, watching the struggle from over the sea, said: "America is probably lost for England."

The British then turned their attacks to the states farthest south. They sent a large army by sea and won Georgia and South Carolina, and though men like Marion and Sumter and their brave bands kept up a desperate fight with their midnight raids, the American army failed in every attack it made on the

British in their new strongholds in the South. England now looked on America as at her feet. And in America things again seemed dark indeed. Congress was weaker than ever. As always, each state thought only of its own interests. And Washington was deeply troubled. The nation, he thought, was like a clock. Of what use is it, he asked, to keep the smaller wheels in order, if the great wheel, which is like the government of Congress and gives life and movement to them all, is neglected?

At this dark time treason was added. Men were again deserting from the American army and going over to the enemy to get pay, food and clothing. And a heavier blow was to fall. The gallant Benedict Arnold, trusted by Washington and loved by the army, proved a traitor, and basely agreed to give up West Point, the fort and its nearby posts on the Hudson River, to the British. This struck Washington to the heart; mighty sobs shook him, and alone the night through, he ceaselessly paced his room.

THE VICTORY AND AFTER

There is an old proverb that "It is always darkest just before dawn." And the year 1781 saw the coming of victory to the American cause. The American generals, Green, Morgan, Baron Steuben, "Light Horse Harry" Lee and Lafayette drove the British general, Lord Cornwallis, north into Virginia. Here he took his stand at Yorktown. Washington was on the Hudson River watching Clinton in New York. With great skill and secrecy he now prepared to deal his final blow. On a sudden, with two thousand Americans and four thousand Frenchmen under Rochambeau, by forced marches he struck rapidly

across the four hundred miles of country to Virginia—his own generals did not know where he was going—and, with Lafayette's force by land, and a great French fleet in Chesapeake Bay, laid siege to Cornwallis—the very Cornwallis that had once sought to bag “the American fox.” In a few weeks Washington had sixteen thousand men before Yorktown, and on the nineteenth of October, 1781, Cornwallis, caught in a trap, surrendered with his whole army.

It was the end of the long and heroic struggle. To his officers Washington simply said: “The work is done and well done.” And he ordered his army to give thanks to God “with gratitude of heart.”

Yorktown was the last battle of the war, but two trying years dragged by before the treaty of peace with England was signed. Fortunately through this hard time Washington, now the people's hero, in his headquarters at Newburg on the Hudson River still held command of the army. It was his work then that crowned his service. Congress was weak, as it had been from the beginning, the states ever indifferent. The army could not be disbanded until peace was assured by the signing of the treaty with England, yet Congress left the troops uncared for and unpaid. There was discontent and even mutiny. Hardly six months after Yorktown, Washington was handed a letter from one of his oldest and most trusted officers, gravely proposing that he should permit the army to make him king, and so put an end to the weak and selfish government of the young republic. In terrible anger Washington stamped the proposal as treason.

But even Washington could not check the flood of the army's wrath. And it was not long before an address was printed and scattered through the camp, calling a meeting of the officers. It held these dan-

gerous, stirring words: "Can you consent to be the only sufferers by the Revolution? If you can, go, carry with you the ridicule and, what is worse, the pity of the world. Go, starve, and be forgotten. But if you have spirit enough to oppose tyranny, awake and redress yourselves." Now Washington's power and tact were seen. He himself called his officers together, rose before them gravely and sadly, took from his pocket a paper, and as he put on his glasses to read it, said simply: "Gentlemen, you will permit me to put on my spectacles, for I have not only grown gray, but almost blind in the service of my country." Solemnly he spoke. He had indeed rebuke for the words of mutiny, but only sympathy for the wrongs of the men. With close attention, and ever more gravely, all listened to his words of wise advice and hope of justice from Congress; and when he had gone, leaving them free to act, they acted as befitted officers of his. Immediately Washington warned Congress of the peril that threatened, and Congress at last came to its senses and met the army's demands in part.

Tired and worn by his long service, Washington's whole heart longed for peace and Mt. Vernon. Only once in all those years of Revolution had he seen his home, and that was on a hurried march to Yorktown. Again death had come to Mount Vernon. His stepson, Jack Custis, who had grown to manhood and served bravely at Yorktown, had died. Now there was a young widow and her children, whom he longed to comfort with a father's love.

At last the day came when the army was disbanded and Washington, at Fraunce's Tavern in Broad Street, New York, bade his officers good-bye. His deep feeling made it hard for him to speak. Raising his glass,

he ended his toast with the words: "I cannot come to each of you and take my leave, but I shall be obliged, if you will come and take me by the hand." The tears were in his eyes as he grasped the hand of Gen. Knox, who stood nearest. The great commander drew him closer and kissed him. Not an officer there but was shown the same love and tenderness. Passing between lines of infantry at guard and, followed by the whole silent company, Washington walked to Whitehall. From the barge that bore him away, he waved his hat for a last farewell. A few days later, at Annapolis, standing before Congress, he resigned his commission, "commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God."

ONCE MORE A VIRGINIA PLANTER

By the Christmas of 1783 he was back in the home he loved. Once more the peace for which he had a passion; once more the familiar scenes opened before him, the hearty Southern life, the old friendships. Mrs. Washington joyfully settled down again to the "duties of an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper," as she said, "steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket." It was a long severe winter that year and a happy household was held snowbound at Mt. Vernon. There were the quiet days with his "dear Patsy," and Jack Custis's two young children. A letter remains to tell of his content: "At length, my dear Marquis," he wrote to Lafayette, "I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac; and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life, envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being

the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of time until I sleep with my fathers."

Thorough in everything he did, Washington would not permit even his most important visitors to hinder his work. He rose very early. His letters were all written before breakfast, and his breakfast he took always at seven-thirty o'clock. After that he was in the saddle and off to his farm, or the hunt. He spent the long afternoon in his library working at papers. Only at dinner did he give himself to the pleasure of his guests' company. Every one stood somewhat in awe of him, except his intimate friends and the two happy Custis children. Lafayette, soon his guest, delighted to watch the great George and his tiny namesake together—"a very little gentleman," he says, "with a feather in his hat, holding fast to one finger of the good General's remarkable great hand."

In the autumn of 1784, Washington made a long tour of over seven hundred miles on horseback, beyond the nearby mountains towards the North and West. He first went through the very woods where he had gone as a young surveyor and soldier. And then he took Braddock's road. That way immigrant settlers were now crowding in greater numbers, pushing westward to the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. His mind was filled with visions of the great future before our country. And as he watched the growth of the nation, he had a fear that the weak government of the new republic might not be able to hold these western settlers within the union of the United States, separated as they were, from the East by the natural wall of the Allegheny Mountains.

To-day the forty eight states of the nation cover the entire width of the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. There is no possibility of di-

vision between them. They are strongly united and in every common interest act as one under the Constitution. But in 1784 it was still almost impossible to get the separate states to do anything as a nation. There was Congress, of course, but Congress had little power. "We are either a united people, or we are not," wrote Washington. "If the former, let us in all matters of general concern act as a nation which has a national character to support. If we are not, let us no longer act a farce by pretending to it." The future looked threatening. Still managing his estates, his whole mind and all his letters were filled with this danger and the means of averting it. In spite of his earnest wish to live a quiet life away from the world and its clamor, he had become too important and useful a citizen. The world knocked constantly at his door, and his country still had need of him.

Yet nothing at Mt. Vernon was neglected. Agriculture was always Washington's delight, and it now seemed his greatest pride to be thought the first farmer of America. He used to say that it was better to make improvements on the earth, than to have all the vain glory of ravaging it that would be possible for the greatest conqueror. He kept to his old habits. "He often works with his men himself," said a guest, "strips off his coat and labors like a common man, and shows a great turn for mechanics." He was the same simple gentleman who had left his home and ridden to Philadelphia, and then to Cambridge to take command of the army, only because his country called.

BUILDING THE CONSTITUTION

A violent rebellion, that broke out in Massachusetts to free the people of that state altogether from the

Union, was checked. It had the sympathy of Vermont and Rhode Island, and it showed the disaster a weak government could cause. After long effort and long discussion the great Constitutional Convention of 1787, each state represented, met at Philadelphia. In it Washington saw one great desire fulfilled. And in spite of his own wish to remain at Mt. Vernon, he consented to head Virginia's list of delegates and to be the president of the convention.

The delegates were late in arriving. Many were anxious and full of fear. Washington calmed them. Their duty was plain, he thought. And he spoke these words that are now famous, as the ideal of the fathers of the Republic: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hand of God." Four months later, on the 17th of September, and in no small part due to Washington's faithful and able work, the Constitution was drawn up and signed by the delegates. The story is told that as Washington took the pen to write the first signature, he said: "Should the states reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never again be offered to cancel another in peace; the next will be drawn in blood."

Ten months of discussion throughout the country followed before the Constitution was adopted by the states. Then the nation received the government, strong and wise, that it has kept unchanged all these many years.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

At once the whole country with one voice called for Washington as the first president of the United States. "We cannot, sir, do without you," said



From Houdon's Bust.

Governor Johnson of Maryland," and I and thousands more can explain to anybody but yourself why we cannot do without you." Washington said, that more than ever before in his life, he was uncertain and distrustful of his own powers. But when he saw that every vote of the electors was for him, he no longer doubted that it was his duty, and not another's, to lead the new nation to a place of honor and respect in the world.

Waiting only to take a last farewell of his dear old mother, whom he was never to see again, Washington rode forth to the North along the road that had so often led to greater duties and greater honors. At Trenton a splendid arch of flowers was raised for him. Young girls in procession, singing, strewed roses in his path. Civil and military honors were everywhere showered upon him. Those who were near him often saw tears in his eyes. In New York never was known such rejoicing. "The display of boats which attended and joined us," he wrote in his diary, "the decorations of the ships, the roar of the cannon, and the loud acclamations of the people which rent the skies as I walked along the streets, filled my mind with sensations as painful as they were pleasant."

On the 30th of April, in the year 1789, Washington stepped out upon the open balcony of the Federal Hall in Wall Street, New York, which was the first capital of the United States. The waiting crowd below sent up a great shout at sight of him, and then silence fell upon them. Time had not bent that tall and majestic figure. He was dressed in sober brown—American woven cloth. He wore long white silk stockings, silver shoe buckles and a steel-hilted sword. His hair, lightly powdered, was drawn back and tied in a queue. The face that a nation loved fulfilled the

promise of his boyhood. The years had brought power, character, a wonderful mastery of himself. The toil and the care of the years, it is true, had left their mark there; but it was a calm and serene face, showing a noble sincerity, the large clear eyes giving it strength and dignity. Gravely he stood in the presence of the people, as the Chancellor of the State of New York gave him the oath.

"I do solemnly swear," replied Washington, "that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States"—"So help me God," he added, his voice shaken, as he bowed to kiss the Bible before him. "Long live George Washington, President of the United States," cried the Chancellor to the people. Then a mighty shout and the booming of cannon shattered the silence.

With trembling voice in the Senate Chamber—all men standing to show their respect for him—he read his first message to Congress and to the country. In noble words he gave himself to the work of founding the Republic, that the Constitution had made possible. And this was the heart of his message: That the new nation could only be built on the eternal rules of order and of right; that the great duty of the Republic was to preserve "the sacred fire of liberty"; and that the hope of the world for liberty and for a government by the people was staked, "perhaps *finally* staked," he said, on this experiment of freedom intrusted to the hands of the American people.

Washington had been a successful planter, and he had proved himself a great soldier. He was now to prove his powers as a statesman. He knew that extreme care was the first thing needed in the building

of the new government. "I walk," he said, "on untrodden ground." He knew that a single false step might be used as an example in the far distant future. He knew that the old union of the Revolution had failed because of its weakness and the selfishness of the states. He said that the new government must establish its strength and dignity at the very beginning; and it must be firm, prudent, kind and just, to gain love and loyalty, as well as respect, from the people.

Earnestly Washington plunged into the hard work of organizing the government. During that summer he read and studied all the letters and papers that had passed between Congress and foreign governments since the close of the war. He called for reports from the old heads of the different departments. And these he studied. In this way, working early and late, reading, studying, questioning, discussing, he carefully learned all the business of the government. He was its real head and master.

Within six months Congress had organized, federal courts had been established and Washington had selected the members of his cabinet, his chief advisers. They were all young and able men, with special knowledge of the work that they were to undertake. For other important work Washington succeeded in persuading the best men in the country to take positions under the new government.

The need of the nation was pressing. A government, like a man, cannot have credit unless it pays its debts, and so one of the first acts of the new government was to lay before Congress a plan for the settlement of the public debt, that had grown to so great a sum during the Revolution. This plan to pay all the debts of Congress and of the states was carefully

written out in the form of a law. After a long discussion it was accepted by both houses of Congress—the House of Representatives and the Senate—and became a law when President Washington signed it. In this way our federal laws have always been made.

When this danger to the security of the government was passed, there came another from across the sea. In 1789, the very year when America had at last quieted down to the peace and the orderly government of the Constitution, a great revolution broke out in France. Gratitude to Frenchmen, who had helped them in their own revolution made Americans wish to help the French win their liberty from their tyrant king and nobles. Their friend and hero Lafayette was fighting in Paris, and when the people of Paris destroyed the Bastille—the great prison where so many good and noble men had suffered unjustly—Lafayette sent its key as a remembrance to his friend, the great Washington.

But Washington saw the future. He saw that the United States was still weak, like a man slowly recovering his health after a long sickness. And he had a dream of peace for America, a peace that could never be sure, if a foreign friendship, or the promise of a treaty, could drag us into a foreign war. "Twenty years' peace," he said, "with such an increase of population and resources as we have a right to expect, added to our remote situation from the jarring powers, will, in all probability, enable us in a just cause to bid defiance to any power on earth."

The Revolution in France was at its worst in 1793. It had turned to madness and all Europe joined to crush it. France made a new appeal to America. It rang loud and strong across the sea. And to the United States came a French minister, Genet, who

acted as if America had already promised to begin with France a new war against England. It took all the power and wisdom and work of Washington to save the country from the disaster of war. But the danger of it did not pass until after he had begun his second term of four years as president.

During his second term, again it seemed as if another war with England was bound to come. England still held the posts in the Northwest that she had promised to give up; she hindered our trade; and, most insulting to the American flag, she stopped our ships and carried off our seamen, claiming that they were deserters from the British navy.

The trouble grew more and more threatening, until Washington sent John Jay, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to England to settle the trouble between the two countries. In the new treaty Jay brought back with him, England granted almost everything but the right to search American ships. The people furiously opposed such a settlement. Even Washington himself was abused. But he said that America had gained much, and that the treaty was better than war. By his personal influence he was finally able to have the Senate accept it. For by the Constitution the Senate alone has power to approve a treaty or agreement with a foreign country. Great prosperity followed. The nation grew rapidly in wealth and population, and Washington was honored for his wisdom in saving it from war.

THE FAREWELL TO THE NATION

Gladly would America have made Washington president for a third term, but he firmly refused. Before the time came for the election of a new president he

gave to the people his "Farewell Address"—his last great message to them, that still rings through the years like a mighty bell, calling Americans to the service of their country.

In this famous address Washington spoke, "as an old and affectionate friend," he said, to those who were "citizens by birth, or by choice, of a common country." Very briefly, these are some of the wise and noble thoughts that with such earnestness he gave his countrymen: Liberty in America must be preserved through union and brotherly love. A nation must do right, as a man must do right, and act in good faith towards other nations. And in this he improved our old proverb by saying: "Honesty is *always* the best policy." Justice and good will must guide the whole nation. Everything noble in man demands this. And this will give America the glory of setting such an example, that nations, yet strangers to liberty, will be led to love it and seek it.

In those days Americans remembered well the horrors, the sufferings and the fearful cost of war. Yet there was always the danger of war, just as there is today. And so in Washington's "Farewell Address," solemn was his warning against the spirit of war and the passion for armies and military glory. There is no space here for his words—space only for a few more of the great thoughts, that show his far-seeing wisdom: The military passion is the ruin of peace and of every kind of happiness. It lays a heavy burden of debt on a nation—a debt that is also ungenerously handed on to those yet unborn, their children and their children's children. And it is the special enemy of liberty. For America's peace and good fortune, she is far away from the interests and quarrels of other great nations. With them politically she should have

neither too close friends nor enemies. And so having no allies, nor a large army eager for war, nor foreign interests that could cause trouble, she would have the friendship of all nations, buying and selling to them without fear, and building up her commerce.

No head of an important nation had ever before spoken in this way. Statesmen then often acted, and sometimes spoke, as they have been known to do even in our own day—as if a state were above the law of right, and could do things that are wrong for a man to do. Washington's wise words have sometimes been forgotten in America, but they are well remembered today, and remain the ideal of the nation.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

At the end of Washington's second term, men knew the greatness of his service. As Commander-in-Chief of the army he had won the liberties of his country. As President he laid deep and strong the foundations upon which a mighty nation could be safely and solidly built. He established a strong and orderly central government. Under him the federal courts were organized and federal law created. The money affairs of the nation were arranged justly, and helpfully to the country. America was made respected in other lands. In short, a whole new government with its necessary departments had been created and given powerful life—a government that has given us the United States of today.

It was nearly eight years from the time of the first inauguration. As then, great crowds thronged the streets. But it was John Adams who was now to take the oath of office. Beside him stood a commanding figure in black velvet. It was George Washing-

ton. In him the people saw a matchless career ripened and perfected, and they crowned it with a devotion that was almost worship. In deep silence they followed him, as he left the hall, followed him all the way to the President's lodging. He stood facing them on the threshold, his gray hair blown by the wind, his face grave and somewhat pale, tears filling his eyes. He could not speak, but raised his hand in parting. The door closed. Not till then was the silence broken by the people's surging murmur of farewell.

Once more the peaceful days of loved Mount Vernon were his, but the life was quieter and gentler now. The shadows were lengthening and the sunset drawing near. Tenderly the love of his dear ones, deepening with the years, clung to him.

Beautiful Nellie Custis, who had loved and ruled the great Washington ever since she was first able to toddle beside him; for whom he had bought toys and sweets on his way home from the Revolution; for whom, a young girl, he had ordered from London a thousand dollar harpsichord on which she loved to play and sing for him; to whom, a "Virginia belle," he had written a playful letter of advice about love—this fair Nellie was now a woman and was to be married to Washington's own nephew, on his own birthday, February 22, 1799. She teased him to wear at her wedding his handsome new embroidered uniform, but he shook his head and came instead in the worn and faded buff and blue in which he had fought his country's battles. The beautiful bride threw her arms about his neck and told him that she loved him far better in that.

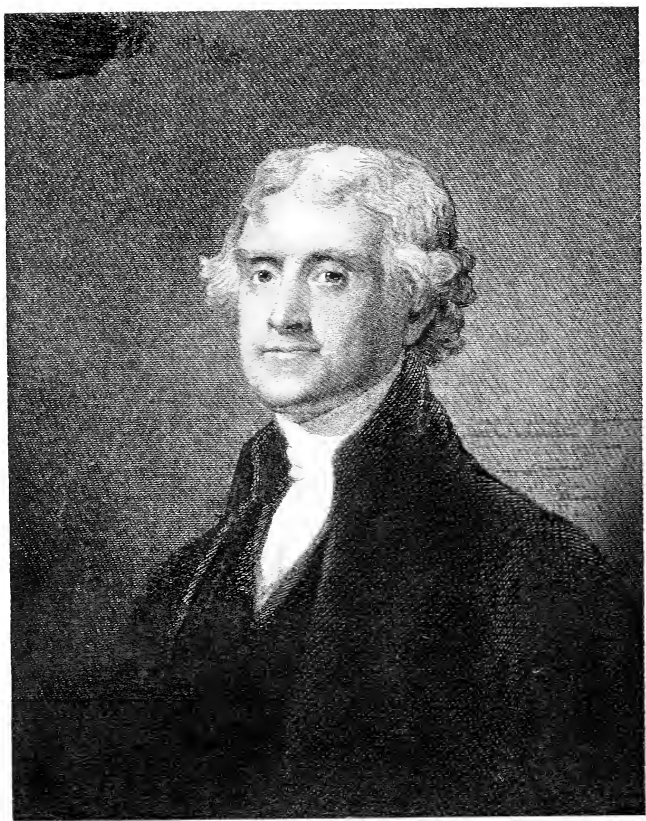
In these last days Washington was tenderer than ever with little children. Every evening at Mount

Vernon was given to them and called "the children's hour." Washington had always easily won their love. In the early days of the Revolution, while passing through a New England town with his army, crowds of children had pressed affectionately upon him, calling him: "Father." Deeply touched, he turned to one of his generals and said: "The English may beat us. It is the chance of war. But behold an army which they can never conquer!"

Summer slipped into autumn and winter was at hand. One cold December day, in a high wind and snow and hail, Washington rode about his plantation. The next day, December 12, 1799, with fatal sickness upon him he went out to mark some trees to be cut down. He was ill but two days. In his suffering he forgot nothing of his old courtesy and constant thought of others. In the battle with death he was still the fearless soldier, and his last words were a murmured "'Tis well." Quietly he lay; his breathing grew easier. Those about his bedside noticed only a slight movement of his hand, and without a struggle or a sigh his great spirit entered the unknown.

It was "Light Horse Harry," the son of the "Lowland Beauty," who called him "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." His fame grew with the years, until for Americans he became something greater and more perfect than a man could be. Always they have called him the "Father of his Country." Stories and untold memories gathered about his name. Often men have thought of him as a soldier; thought of him in his youth fighting gloriously for Virginia and his king; then, as a great patriot general, wresting America's liberty from the grasp of a tyrant. Even as President he still seemed the soldier, as he led the young Republic up the steep heights of

national honor and power. And America, in pride and sorrow, laid upon his grave a wreath that has never withered, a love that can never die.



Th Jefferson

THOMAS JEFFERSON*

THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE

"Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."—JEFFERSON'S SEAL.

Four things made the United States a Nation: The Declaration of Independence and the heroic work of the Revolution, the adoption of the Constitution and the presidency of Washington. But we were first made Americans by the work of Thomas Jefferson and of those who followed him and believed as he did. More than anyone else among our patriot fathers, Jefferson expressed the ideals that we call American. He was the eloquent *pen* of the Revolution. But he was far more than that. He believed in human equality as few men have ever believed in it. And he worked for it with power and success.

Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. His bold and original thought took the lead in ending the system that gave all a man's land on his death to his eldest son, a system that had built up the great estates of Europe, and prevented the division of land among the people. He led the cause of religious freedom, separating the church and the state. His work ended the importation of slaves from Africa. He was the father of popular education in America. So many of his theories and principles are the very foundation stones of the Republic, that it has been said: "If Jefferson was wrong, America is wrong."

*From a sketch by John Foster Carr.

From the beginning, the spirit of independence flourished on American soil; for none but hardy lovers of liberty could face the dangers, hardships and toil of the unbroken wilderness, and find a living there. Within a dozen years after the first settlers came from England, the first Virginia Assembly met, the first representative body that ever came together in the land that was to be the United States. This assembly immediately—it was in 1619—claimed the right of self-government and boldly made it known to England, the mother country, that in crossing the seas the colonists had lost none of the rights of Englishmen.

The first Jefferson in America, the great grandfather of Thomas Jefferson, had come from Wales to Virginia, and was a member of this first, free assembly of America. In the great grandson the love of liberty seemed inherited. It was in the very blood of the man.

THE BOY AND HIS STUDENT DAYS

Thomas Jefferson was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, April 2nd, 1743. Men said that he was always fortunate, and his good fortune surely began with his father, who, like Washington, had started life as a surveyor, and had helped in making the first good map that was ever prepared of the colony of Virginia. He was a man of might, knew the wilderness and loved it, and became the unquestioned chief of the whole frontier. Among the wild hills of central Virginia, with the Indians still nearby, he bought one thousand acres of land, and began to hew out a farm and a home. And soon to his log cabin he brought his bride of seventeen. He was a man of keen intelligence, and in the days when few people had books,

and fewer read them, he eagerly read the famous volumes that were the help and inspiration of Franklin. He was an enterprising, hard-working, methodical man; and, growing wheat and tobacco on his highland farm, he was so successful that in twenty years he could give a large plantation to his youngest son. He was still a young man when he was made colonel of his county and member of the House of Burgesses.

Human greatness is sometimes found in a small and delicate body, but sometimes, and it was so among the founders of our republic, great men are almost giants in body. Jefferson, like Washington and Lincoln, was a very tall and very powerful man. And as he inherited from his father his great strength, so from his father he inherited his fine and bold intelligence. His first schooling was in the families of two clergymen. His father died while he was still a boy, and as a last command, directed that his son Thomas should receive the best education that the colonies in that day could give. And it was a part of that command that the exercise necessary for the body's development should not be neglected; for, he said, the weakly in body could not be independent in mind.

By the death of his father, Thomas Jefferson became his own master, when he was fourteen years old. His first free act was to change his school, and he chose the best school in the province. After two years of work there he was impatient for college. Explaining his wishes to his guardian, he said that at college he could learn mathematics and get a more "universal acquaintance." And so when he was sixteen, he went to Williamsburg, to the old college of William and Mary. Williamsburg was the capital of the colony, a town of no more than one thousand inhabitants, in the very heart of the great tobacco country. It was

a dull and sleepy town, except during the winter season, when the legislature and the great court of justice were in session. Then it became a gorgeous center of fashion; the tobacco lords with their ladies, their splendid coaches and six, and their men servants filled the town. The old Raleigh Tavern was ablaze with lights and was gay with parties and balls, music and dancing, and the royal governor then held his elegant court.

Here Jefferson spent the next seven years making his own the knowledge he longed for, and forming the opinions that were to make him a great leader of men. For a young man of sixteen he must have had extraordinary talent and personal charm, for at once three remarkable men became his friends and found pleasure in his company. One of these men, his "daily companion," he said, was a Dr. William Small, Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy—a bold and original thinker, who gave the young Thomas his first knowledge of the "system of things in which we are placed." From him he learned the habit of looking at things carefully and "observingly." And from him, too, he caught the enthusiasm for science, that was just then a new thing in the world. The second friend, with whom he dined once a week, was no less a person than the Governor himself—Francis Fauquier, a very eloquent gentleman indeed, patron of learning and literature, French scholar, musician, a man of honor, but also a gay and dashing man of the world, fond of wine, cards and gaming.

His third friend was George Wythe,—“my second father,” he called him—who because of his lofty character and great ability made the deepest impression upon the mind and heart of the young Jefferson. He was the greatest lawyer of old Virginia, and in his

office were trained in the law, not only Thomas Jefferson, but also John Marshall, the famous Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Henry Clay, the great statesman.

When Jefferson entered the college of William and Mary, he at once gave himself with all the power of his mind and will to gaining knowledge. Mathematics became his great passion. He seemed always, then as in after years, to have carried a rule in his pocket, and a box of mathematical instruments always went with him, even on short journeys. He took a deep interest in architecture. And he was soon toiling at his desk fifteen hours a day, developing a genius for work—methodical, unending, cheerful. In college he read many books: Shakespeare, Homer, the plays of Molière, Don Quixote, and odd volumes of poetry, for he loved Ossian, and the old English songs and ballads.

Remembering his father's words about exercise and the care of his body, he at first rode horseback, but as this took too much time, he soon sent his horses home. And it was not long before his only exercise on regular working days was a rapid run out of town for a mile and back, while it was getting dark enough for the candles to be lighted. He was extremely fond of music and practised long hours upon the violin. And this was to be his constant comfort and recreation during later years of work and stress.

In spite of his hard study, he took an active part in social life; was at first, indeed, thought something of a dandy; was often seen with his fiddle and a roll of new minuets under his arm going to the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern. And there, always a graceful dancer, he paid his court to the beauties of Virginia.

In the elegant society of Williamsburg, at the

Governor's family table, at the receptions and balls of the Raleigh Tavern, he learned the polished manners that marked him throughout his long life—the great courtesies that he always showed to men of every class. He was part of a society that was largely idle and dissipated—dangerous for a young man of his position and talents. But his own strong character saved him from the vices about him. He never gambled or played at cards. His whole living was temperate and strict.

THE LAW AND THE MOUNTAIN FARM

Thomas Jefferson was to be a lawyer, it had been decided, but he was also to be a farmer, as his fathers had been. When he became of age, he inherited his mountain farm of Monticello. During the winter he was buried in his law books. In the summer he worked on his farm, and he worked with enthusiasm. Every small part of it interested him. He was filled with new ideas, and was forever trying new seeds and roots. He rose on summer mornings as soon as he could see what o'clock it was, and began his work at once. In the winter he rose at five and went to bed at nine.

He lived with his pen almost constantly in his fingers. Besides a diary, he kept a great variety of books, in which he made daily entries—one for the weather, one for the garden, another for the farm, others for receipts and expenses. He liked physical work. He was so strong that he could lift a thousand pounds, and no stronger man was ever known in that whole country side, except his own father; yet his handwriting was small and clear, and he was skillful

in everything he did that needed a delicate or dexterous touch.

From the first, large schemes filled the mind of Thomas Jefferson. He was always a builder of castles in the air. His powerful imagination was as busy as his hands, but his vision was often shrewdly useful and practical, and his schemes were apt to end in success. Flowing through his land was the little river Rivanna. When he was twenty-one years old, he carried out in triumph a plan to make this navigable for twenty-two miles. As his lands grew, he started a beautiful home on the top of his mountain, and to the building of this he gave twenty-five years.

He was also poetical and romantic in his nature, somewhat of a sentimentalist. A devoted friend of these days was Dabney Carr—a gifted and high-minded patriot—who married Jefferson's sister. Many a happy afternoon the two young men spent on the heights of Monticello, talking, dreaming and reading their favorite books under the shade of a great oak. Nearby these two friends planned that their graves should be, and there they now lie side by side.

We have a very clear picture of Jefferson in these years. He was extraordinarily tall, six feet two and a half inches, but he was well-shaped and "straight as a gun barrel—like a fine horse with no surplus flesh." His feet, hands and wrists were very large. His face and features were angular, his hair red, his skin freckled, his eyes light blue. As for looks, people were agreed that he was plain in his youth, but they said that he was "a very good-looking man in middle age, and quite a handsome old man." In his manner there was always a shyness and reserve, but there was also charm and good humor. Men talked of "the

Jefferson temper, all music and sunshine." With his cheery spirit and unfailing good health, he had so great belief in the future, that he seemed almost a visionary. He used to say: "I am in the habit of turning over the next leaf with hope and, though it often fails me, there is still another and another behind."

Early in 1767, when Jefferson was twenty-four, he was admitted to the bar. He took up his lawyer's work with zest, and entered at once into a very prosperous practice. He knew the law as few lawyers living knew it. In court he spoke briefly, for his voice soon became hoarse and faint. He made many friends and no enemies; the farm made a profit, as well as the work of the law, and he soon had a good income. During the seven years that he was a lawyer, he increased the nineteen hundred acres of land, that had been received from his father, to five thousand.

A new happiness crowned all this good fortune. One evening, early in January, 1772, while the flush of sunset was still in the sky, Thomas Jefferson and his bride rode their horses through deep snow up the sides of the mountain to the new home that was rising on its summit. The bride was a young and childless widow, Martha Skelton, a lady gracious and sweet, and for her day unusually well educated. She, too, cared for fine books and for music; and while she played the spinnet, he would accompany her on the fiddle, and their voices would mingle in singing the beautiful old ballads that he loved so well.

With new energy now work on the great house was pushed forward. Jefferson was architect, builder and landscape gardener. Every part of the plan was his. Nearly all of the materials—brick and timbers, even nails—were made on his own place by the negro slaves,

that he and his father had trained till they were expert workmen, carpenters and smiths. His wife had brought him forty thousand acres of land for her dowry, and more and more ambitious grew his farming plans. Through Philip Mazzei, afterwards the Italian enthusiast in the cause of American liberty, he secured a little colony of Italians for his gardeners. With them he hoped to make Albemarle County the vineyard of Virginia. Through Mazzei, too, he obtained vines, nuts, melons, many new varieties of fruits and vegetables from Italy. Their seeds and plants he distributed broadcast as far south as Georgia. He persuaded Alberti, the violinist, to come to Monticello to live.

This happy life was without a cloud for two years. Then Dabney Carr died, and Jefferson took the widow, his sister, with her family, into his home. Her six small children he brought up with his own two little girls, delighting in teaching them.

Thomas Jefferson was now a man skilled in many different kinds of knowledge, and a man of many accomplishments. He was a learned lawyer. Perhaps no one else in America knew the science of agriculture so well. He was something of a surgeon; he could sew up a bad wound, or set a broken leg. He was a dead shot with a gun. Like his father, he could survey an estate; but he could also design a house, calculate an eclipse, break a horse, dance a minuet, play the violin. And he knew well Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian and French.

AS PATRIOT MAKING READY THE REVOLUTION

Meantime, Jefferson had been taking a deeper and deeper interest in public affairs. The passing of the

Stamp Act had proved the turning point in his career. Before this it had been his dream to go to Europe, and to see the famous cities and the life of the Old World. But after England's attack on the liberties of America, there was no further talk of Europe for him. He had suddenly become the patriot. When Patrick Henry made his great speech, passionately denouncing the Stamp Act and warning the English king, Jefferson stood thrilled, listening at the door of the House of Burgesses. Later, in 1769, when he was twenty-six years old, he became a candidate for the House of Burgesses himself. Following the old custom of Virginia, he went to call upon the voters in person, attended the polls, with old-fashioned hospitality offered lunch and punch to the electors, and bowed low every time his name was voted for. He won his election, and so began his great political career of forty years.

Jefferson entered the House at the beginning of stormy times. The Stamp Act had been repealed, but England now proposed new taxes. Jefferson was chosen by his Committee to prepare the reply of Virginia. His first draft was accepted; his second rejected. It was far too brief, they said; and brief it certainly was, for Jefferson made it a rule never to use two words where one would do. Yet the Burgesses of Virginia declared boldly against taxation without representation. The royal governor, no longer the clever and good humored Fauquier, dissolved the House, and at once eighty-eight members of it met in the Apollo Room of Raleigh Tavern, and there signed an agreement to buy no English goods that they could possibly do without, and to recommend their act to the people of Virginia. Among these men

were George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and Thomas Jefferson.

Massachusetts and Virginia always were the leaders in the great struggle for liberty, and Massachusetts was the first to suffer. In the Boston Massacre, in 1770, the blood of her citizens was first shed by British troops. In 1773, to punish the independent colonists for the daring midnight raid of the "Boston Tea Party," Parliament had closed the port of Boston, appointed a military governor for Massachusetts, and given orders that British troops should be quartered upon the people.

It was plain to all that war was now near, and the colonies were not prepared for war. They had separate governments, but no central representative body of any kind, nor any system of communicating with one another. Yet their rights could only be won by united action, and so it was that early in 1773 a little group of Virginia patriots began to meet privately. They agreed that a Committee of Correspondence should be formed in Virginia, and that the other colonies should be asked to appoint committees of the same sort, so that they could find some way of acting together. Jefferson wrote out the plan. It was adopted by the House of Burgesses, and this was the first practical step taken for the preparation of the Revolution. It succeeded so well that almost every county and village in the colonies came to have its own committees, and in the end it was said that it was these committees that organized the Revolution. The House of Burgesses soon ordered the Virginia Committee of Correspondence to propose to other committees, everywhere, the meeting of an annual congress of deputies from all the colonies. The other colonies were quick to approve this proposal, and

within another year Virginia held a convention to elect her delegates to the first Continental Congress.

It was for this convention, in the summer of 1774, that Jefferson wrote an account of the wrongs done the colonies by Great Britain. This bravely declared that the country belonged to those who had settled it. It declared, too, that the right of self-government is a right natural to all men, and that, therefore Parliament had no authority to make laws for America. It gave fearless support to Massachusetts, threatened resistance to the English law, and showed the independent spirit of America by calling the colonies "states." Until he wrote this celebrated paper, Jefferson had been only a provincial lawyer. As soon as it was published he was famous. It was printed in England as well as in America. But in London it caused Jefferson's name to be put on the list of those who were to be tried for treason.

The next spring, when Patrick Henry made his fiery speech that called all the colonies to arms, a committee was appointed to prepare Virginia for war. Again the old friends were found together, serving their country: George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and Thomas Jefferson, who had now for the cause of liberty, entirely given up his work as a lawyer. All Virginia was soon busy arming and drilling her able-bodied men.

Jefferson was at once elected member of the Continental Congress, and when there came the proposal from Lord North, England's Prime Minister, to change the method of collecting the taxes, again the help of his pen was asked to prepare Virginia's reply. With this duly signed and certified, he set out from Williamsburg in his one horse chaise, and arrived in Philadelphia to take his place in Congress on the very

day Washington was made Commander-in-Chief of the American army. In Congress he spoke little, far less than either Washington or Franklin, who, he afterwards said, never spoke at all, except on the most important questions, and then never for more than ten minutes at a time. But in private talk with the members, in committee meetings, by his wide and accurate knowledge, by his prompt answers to questions and his unfailing good judgement, he soon made a deep impression upon the whole Congress. And now for the Continental Congress he was asked to prepare a reply to Lord North.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

The autumn of 1775 found Jefferson back in Virginia working heart and soul, collecting supplies for the relief of Boston, gathering military stores. In the month of May following, in the great year of 1776, the Virginia Convention met and instructed its delegates to urge Congress to "declare the United Colonies free and independent states," and on the 29th of June, while Congress was discussing the question, Virginia set the example for the country, declared herself independent, and Patrick Henry was at once elected her first governor.

During these days, Richard Henry Lee had already obeyed the instructions of the Virginia Convention, and had proposed in Congress that the colonies declare themselves "free and independent states." John Adams of Massachusetts seconded this proposal, and Jefferson was named head of a committee of five to draw up the declaration. For seven years he had been preparing himself for the writing of this great paper, the Declaration of Independence. Over and

over again in clear and burning phrases he had told the history of America's wrongs. No one else had so full a knowledge of the facts and of the law. And now in one great paper, that Congress accepted with very slight changes, he set forth the story anew, with the resolve of the nation to be free. When Congress adopted the Declaration on the Fourth of July, 1776, it rallied the peoples of America into one earnest body of patriots, and proclaimed to the world of that day, and to the peoples of all coming time, the principles on which this Republic is founded.

The whole country took joy and strength from the great Declaration. The struggle for full independence at once began. There could now be no other end to the conflict that England had started, and that the great Chatham had called the "most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unjust and diabolical war." On that very night of July 4th, the leaden statue of George III, that had stood proudly on its pedestal in Bowling Green, New York, was pulled down by a crowd of patriots to be melted into bullets for America's guns.

BUILDING A STATE

The greatest experiment of democracy in the history of the world was now to be tried. But before there could exist a well-organized nation, states organized strongly and well needed first to exist. The people had been devoted to England and to the government of England. They had accepted the Monarchy with affection. Even Jefferson, like Franklin and Washington, had preferred a just union with Britain to independence. But, he had also said that "rather than submit to the injustice of King and Parliament he would lend his hand to sink Great Britain in the ocean."

Injustice at last broke the old bonds of attachment. Men everywhere were ready for the change; for, as Jefferson wrote Franklin, they "seemed to have laid aside the Monarchical and taken up the Republican Government, with as much ease as would have attended their throwing off an old, and putting on a new, suit of clothes."

What a wonderful undertaking it was! "Three millions of people," as John Adams said, "deliberately *choosing* their government and institutions!" Upon the work of creating a new government and reforming the laws, Jefferson's heart was eagerly set. He was re-elected to Congress, but he resigned his seat. He was appointed Commissioner with Franklin to represent the United States at Paris, but he declined to go. Back to Virginia he went to this work of building a state, while Washington, with his little army, was rapidly retreating before the British in New Jersey and the whole country was beginning its life and death struggle with England. It was the good fortune of Virginia that time was now allowed for this work, for not till the end of the war did England invade that state.

To make the government and the laws of Virginia agree, as Jefferson wished, with "reason and good sense," meant nothing less than building a democracy in the most aristocratic of the old colonies; because in Virginia, the laws, customs and social life were, of all America, most like those of monarchical England. And Jefferson would have nothing but pure democracy, the rights of the people recognized in the government of the land. He was for a long time the only American who completely trusted the mass of the people, and who believed that they were ready for self-government. He was their leader, and, as it has been

finely said, "he led the future." He was a member of the Committee of the Virginia Assembly that took the work in charge. For chief helpers he had Patrick Henry, the Governor of the state, George Wythe, his old friend, the great lawyer and liberal, and James Madison, who, like Jefferson, was also many years later to serve as President of the United States.

With tireless patience and enthusiasm Jefferson pressed on with this great work he had taken in hand. The first thing that needed to be changed was the English law of holding land. The eldest son had always, and without exception, inherited it, and debts could not touch it. One week from the day Jefferson took his seat in the Virginia legislature, he introduced a bill abolishing this whole system. After a bitter three weeks' fight, democracy won the battle. Land henceforth might be sold or left by a man's will as he chose. This prevented the building up of large estates and gave all the people the right of owning land. The old families that held great estates never forgave Jefferson for this courageous work of his, and for the first time in his life this friendly man had bitter enemies.

Other great reforms were now to follow this beginning. The Church of England was the church recognized by the law of Virginia and supported by the taxes of the colony. Here was a more difficult matter. Yet Jefferson succeeded at once in stopping the payment of taxes for its support. And at the same time he obtained a new law permitting a man to worship God according to his conscience, without the danger of fine and imprisonment. But it took nine years of hard work before all of Jefferson's plan was adopted, establishing in Virginia complete freedom of religion.

Other very important changes were made. The law became more merciful towards criminals. Imprisonment for debt and cruel and unusual punishments were no longer permitted. Now only for murder and treason was death made the penalty. In the old colony of Virginia, a foreigner had to wait fourteen years before he could become a citizen. Now he could have citizenship in two years, and his young children became citizens when they were of full age. This liberal law in many of its parts was afterwards taken as the basis of our United States law of today.

It was in these days, and by Jefferson's proposal, that the capital of Virginia was changed from Williamsburg to Richmond. This convenient way of placing the capital in the geographical centre of the land has since been generally followed by nearly every new state. Then came laws creating the different courts in Virginia; and then, many others that, like those that have been mentioned, were important not only for establishing democracy in Virginia, but also for serving afterwards as model laws for the other states.

But two reforms upon which Jefferson's heart was most earnestly set were to fail entirely. He planned a complete system of state education, beginning with the simplest schools, teaching reading, writing and arithmetic, and including a free state university and a state library. He argued so well for this plan, that the House of Delegates enthusiastically voted its approval. But the counties of Virginia would not tax themselves to carry out the proposal; and only in the later years of his life was Jefferson able to return to the educational work that was so dear to him.

The other reform for which Jefferson labored so

faithfully and hard, was a law to give freedom to all who should thenceforth be born in slavery. When he was first elected to the House of Burgesses in 1769, he had urged his first plea for the negro. This was an attempt to secure a law that would enable slave-owners to free their slaves, if they wished to do so, for in Virginia this could not be done without sending them out of the state. He failed now as he had failed eight years before, but he did succeed in having a law passed forbidding the further importation of slaves into Virginia.

To this great work of political and social reform, Jefferson gave himself for more than two years. His industry was intense. "Few men ever had so consuming a fire of energy beneath so serene a surface." The book of the laws of Virginia was finished, and at the same time drafts of one hundred and eight new laws were prepared that furnished the legislature subject for debate and action for over eight years. While he toiled so quietly and so rapidly at this immense task, his country was plunged in a desperate struggle. The hurry, excitement, agony of the Revolution were all about him. Yet methodically he still recorded daily the changes in the weather, noted the planting, growth and ripening of the crops, read Homer for his solace, and in his room, late at night and at sunrise, softly played his violin.

IN THE GOVERNOR'S CHAIR AND IN CONGRESS

Then in the year of 1779, in the darkest days of the Revolution, Thomas Jefferson became governor of the State of Virginia, succeeding Patrick Henry. For the stern work that faced him, a rough and

powerful soldier was needed, and Jefferson was a man of peace. He was a lawyer and political philosopher, as someone has said, "with a talent for music, a taste for art, a love of science, literature and gardening." In other words, Jefferson was not fitted by nature for the desperate business before him, yet he faced his task with full courage and, in spite of much criticism, with large success.

Virginia now, as Jefferson wrote Washington, like her sister states of the North and South, suffered from "the fatal want of men and arms." The country was searched, and almost in vain, for powder, horses, grain. His own estate was stripped of all useful supplies. The treasury was empty. As the war went on, the paper money of Congress was worth less and less. By the end of Jefferson's term his salary, that should have amounted to more than \$22,000, would buy only a new saddle. Philip Mazzei, the enthusiast for liberty, who had translated the Declaration of Independence into Italian for the inspiration of his countrymen, went, at his own expense, on a vain trip to borrow £900,000 (\$4,500,000) from the Duke of Tuscany, brother of Marie Antoinette, the ill fated queen of France.

And now Virginia was invaded. The traitor, Benedict Arnold, brought British troops up the river James. The capital of the State was plundered, and early in that same year, 1781, Cornwallis marched into Virginia from the South. When Jefferson, at Monticello, heard that the enemy was coming he sent his horse to the blacksmith's to be shod, and then sat down to sort and arrange his papers. He galloped away only five minutes before the redcoats arrived. Two of his slaves were hiding his silver under the floor as the British entered. Down went the trap door, imprison-

ing one of the negroes, the faithful Caesar. Upon the breast of the other a soldier struck a pistol and threatened to kill him unless he would tell which way his master had gone. "Fire away then," answered the brave black.

Death, pillage, complete exhaustion were upon Virginia when Lord Cornwallis surrendered in October. Monticello had suffered severely. Fences and barns were burned, negroes carried off with the cattle, the crops destroyed. Jefferson refused to serve again as governor. The frail health of his wife gave way under the terrible strain, and within the year she died. For the only time in his life, the calm and well-poised spirit of Jefferson was broken. He was led from the room tottering to his library, where he fell in a faint. For weeks he was ill and then succeeded a long period of stupor, from which nothing could rouse him.

On his recovery Jefferson buried himself in the work of his farm, and then, yielding to the advice of his friends, accepted an election to Congress, where he was appointed chairman of many important committees. He signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain. From his hands Congress accepted the grant of the great western lands that belonged to Virginia, which until then had been a state of vast extent. For it stretched beyond the boundaries of today, westward to the Mississippi River and far to the north. It included West Virginia and Kentucky, and a large part of the present states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. All this great territory was now given over to the Federal government, in time to be made into other independent states.

In this Congress Jefferson took the leading part in discussing a plan for a national currency. He suggested the dollar as the unit of value, and so con-

vincingly were his reasons given that his proposal was adopted, and he has ever since been called the "father of the American dollar." He also suggested our ten dollar gold piece, our silver dime and the copper cent. He urged, but failed to have passed, a plan for the convenient decimal system of weights and measures, which has now been adopted by all the civilized nations of the world, except the United States, Russia and Great Britain. Here, again, he returned to the cause that was ever close to his heart, the abolition of slavery, now proposing that it should be forbidden in the new territories after 1800. If he had succeeded then, the country would probably have been saved the long and bitter struggle that ended in the Civil War. But his bill was lost by a single vote.

MINISTER TO FRANCE

Three times Jefferson had been appointed to a foreign mission, and three times he had declined. A fourth appointment he now accepted, and there began a new and useful service to his country—a service filled with pleasure and interest to himself. In May, 1784 he was appointed by Congress, Minister Plenipotentiary to act with Dr. Franklin and John Adams in securing treaties of commerce with the nations of Europe. Only "old Frederick of Prussia," as Jefferson called him, agreed to make such a treaty. The next year Franklin was granted leave by Congress to return home; Mr. Adams became Minister to England; and Thomas Jefferson remained in Paris as Minister of the United States to France.

Matters of commerce had an important part in Jefferson's work as Minister. He had the difficult task also of meeting the many creditors of the United

States, making them such promises as he could. But Jefferson's main work as Minister was that of making America known to the French, and of making the best things of France known to America. From his boyhood he had known the literature and history of the French. He now was happy in the society of the greatest public men, the greatest philosophers, scientists and writers of France. He was fond of the culture of the Old World. He loved the art, the architecture, and above all, the music of Paris. He liked its gayety and the good manners of its people, among whom you might, he said, "pass a life without encountering a single rudeness."

America was then without art or literature and, except for Franklin, almost without science. So he wished his own country to have every advantage that could come from knowledge of the progress of Europe. The four American colleges, Yale, Harvard, Philadelphia, and his own college of William and Mary, he kept informed of new discoveries and inventions. For these colleges and for his friends at home, he bought the important new books. A familiar sight on sunny afternoons was his tall form bending over the book-stalls, where he picked up hundreds of prizes in rare and valuable volumes. He sent the great sculptor Houdon to America to make the bust of Washington, that has since become so famous. He was eager to see beautiful public buildings in his beloved home land, and so in Paris he secured new designs for the capitol at Richmond. He studied the systems of canals that were common in Europe. It was he who sent to America the first news of Watt's wonderful invention, the steam engine, that, he wrote, "with a peck and a half of coal performs as much work as a horse in a day."

And he never forgot the needs of American farmers. By almost every ship packages of seeds and roots went to his friends at home. At Turin he filled the pockets both of his coat and of his greatcoat with the rice of Lombardy, sent it at once to South Carolina, and from that very seed, we are told, the best rice comes, that is now grown in our country.

But his chief interest was in the social and political life of men. He visited England and Holland, travelled in Germany and Italy, toured France widely, going about much on foot. He studied the life of the peasants, and he studied what he saw with such great care, that he said: "Some take me to be a fool." France was then approaching the Revolution, and a marvellous moral change was rapidly coming over the nation. Among educated people there was great enthusiasm for the new ideas of a government based on liberty and equality.

But Jefferson still had before his eyes the terrific oppressions of the old system of government under Louis XVI and his nobles. He told Madison: "This is a government of wolves over sheep." And he wrote Washington: "There is not a crowned head in Europe whose talents or merits would entitle him to be elected a vestryman in America." He begged Lafayette to go and use his eyes: "Ferret the people out of their hovels as I have done; look into their kettles; eat their bread; loll on their beds in pretense of resting yourself, but in fact, to find if they are soft. You will feel a sublime pleasure in the course of the investigation; and a sublime one, hereafter, when you shall be able to apply your knowledge to the softening of their beds, or the throwing of a morsel of meat into their kettle of vegetables."

The more he knew the living conditions of the

peasants of Europe, the more confirmed he became in his own broad and generous democracy. "Traveling in Europe," he wrote Madison, "will make you adore your own country. My God! How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of and which no other people on earth enjoy."

When Jefferson first reached France he was already known as the greatest living preacher of the rights of man. His belief in these rights had not come from the French philosophers, but he was heart and soul in sympathy with the new spirit that was growing up in France, with what he called "the fervor of national rights and zeal for reformation." And so to consult him, and to learn of him, came the progressive men of France. Around his hospitable table they gathered and planned ambitiously for the society of the future. He went every day to hear the debates in the National Assembly, and was invited to assist in drafting a constitution for France. No one yet dreamed that the monarchy was in danger, and so even the king's minister asked Jefferson to give his advice freely. The plan he urged was that King Louis should place himself at the head of the Revolution, and give a charter of liberties to his people that would change France to a constitutional monarchy. But his advice was rejected. Jefferson himself saw the destruction of the old prison of the Bastille, and within four years Louis XVI was beheaded on the guillotine.

Jefferson always feared for America a return to the principles of an aristocracy, if not of a monarchy. What he saw in France renewed this fear, and he wrote George Wythe: "Preach a crusade against ignorance; establish and improve the law for edu-

cating the common people. Let our countrymen know that the people alone can protect us against these evils; and that the tax which will be paid for education is not more than the thousandth part of what will be paid to kings and nobles, who will rise up among us, if we leave the people in ignorance."

For Jefferson these were very happy years in France. A story of his life in Paris shows the strength there was in the calm and gentle character of the man. On one of the long walks that he was fond of taking in the beautiful suburbs of the city, he fell and broke his wrist. But he said nothing of his hurt to the friend who was with him, and that very night he began to learn to write with his left hand, making out his daily accounts, according to his unchanging habit. The bone was poorly set and he was never again able to play his violin. In 1789, Jefferson asked for a leave of absence, intending to return to his beloved Paris within a few months.

A "REPUBLICAN" SECRETARY OF STATE

While Thomas Jefferson had been in France, the Constitutional Convention had been held, the Constitution adopted, Washington had been elected president and was now organizing the new government. The Constitution had created a strong federal authority and had given it the necessary power over the states, as well as control of all foreign relations and national business. We think of the Constitution to-day as the greatest and most successful written plan for governing men that has ever been formed in the history of the world. But in the first years after it was adopted many thought of it as an experiment, and it received much criticism. Jefferson pointed out

what he thought its defects. Many of his fears have proved groundless, but some of us still regret, as he did, that it does not forbid a standing army and monopolies of every kind, and that it does not prevent presidents succeeding themselves indefinitely. But whatever its defects might be, it was soon proved that the Constitution was a very satisfactory "working plan" for our government. It only lacked one thing. It could not provide the spirit, which has given the government the name of American. That depended upon the men who were to make it a living force in the world.

For laying the foundation of the new nation, Washington was the one man needed. There are few great men in history who were so resolute and strong in character as he, and who were yet so modest and distrustful of their own powers, their own intelligence. Before he made up his mind on any important question, he always wished to hear it very carefully discussed by the best informed men. And so his decisions were based on the most accurate knowledge available. He was by nature conservative, and believed that for a new and untried nation the old ways could not too suddenly be given up. He even insisted on keeping the dignified ceremony and etiquette of the governments of the Old World.

When Jefferson reached home in September 1789, he had fully expected to return promptly to France to his old post as Minister, but at Washington's earnest request he became Secretary of State in the new government. This meant a battle of ideas. We have seen how his democratic principles had become stronger in Europe. Great were his surprise and shame on his return to find that the pomp of Europe had invaded America. The President opened Congress

in state as the King of England opened Parliament. Court receptions and levees were held. Even a court circular was published. Many of his old friends were drifting towards aristocratic, if not monarchical ideas. So good a patriot as John Adams favored the English constitution and a senate chosen for a long term or for life. Even in the President's Cabinet—it then had only four members, where it now has ten—there was serious distrust of democracy. The great Alexander Hamilton, the able Secretary of the Treasury, the leader and the organizing and constructive genius of the Cabinet, whose wisdom had insisted on the payment of all the country's debts, had no great belief in the permanence of the Republic. He had accepted the Constitution as a compromise. He seemed to think men incapable of self-government, and wished to give the vote only to those who owned property. He delighted in the army and in military display. His ideas and theories of government were widely accepted. If he had had his way, the work of the Revolution would have been in vain. America would have had in a new form the Old World system—militarism, and a part of the people making laws for the whole people.

So into Washington's cabinet came Jefferson, the ardent republican, who saw, as no one else did, the need and the opportunity of democracy. And, as no one else did, he also saw the coming development of popular government and popular education, the things that are still working today to make this world a better place to live in.

It was Washington's wisdom that brought Jefferson into the Cabinet at the very time when the country needed spirit and form given to its institutions. For Washington, Jefferson had "sincere and honest

reverence." And it was Washington's strong character and common sense that governed the struggle that immediately began between Jefferson and Hamilton—Hamilton, with his wonderful business ability;—Jefferson, who had the power to make the government one with the people. In the building of the nation some things were accepted, some were rejected from each of these great men. Around them two political parties grew that had not existed before. Names and principles of these parties have changed during the years, and while Jefferson is considered the founder of the present Democratic party, he was also the first to proclaim the principle that gave birth to the present Republican party in the struggle over slavery in 1854:—that the United States government could and should forbid slavery in all the national territories. From the contests and differences of opinion between our two great political parties, the country decides just as in Jefferson's day, trying to take the best of each.

When Jefferson, returning from France, first appeared in New York, which was then the capital of the United States—the Government was moved to Philadelphia the next year, in 1790—some laughed and some were shocked at the red Paris waistcoat and breeches he wore. He was so filled with the French spirit, that Patrick Henry called him in jest a man who "had even abjured his native victuals."

But no one could doubt Jefferson's intense Americanism. Democracy was almost a religion with him. He believed in the great mass of the people and loved and trusted them. His ideal of popular government was exactly expressed by Lincoln's great words: "A government of the people, by the people and for the people." Quietly talking and writing, he preached

his "republican" principles, as they were called, always gaining new power to give them force.

What were these "republican" principles of his? First of all, he believed in simple human equality. He believed that birth, refinement, education, wealth give a man no right to govern others without their consent. The questions of government, for him were almost entirely questions of right and wrong, where the "uprightness of a decision" would be more important than the "rightness" of it. He had once said that a plowman would decide a moral question "often better" than a professor. He believed so strongly in the power of public opinion that he "preferred newspapers without a government to a government without newspapers." He wanted "all things under the control of the common sense of the people." The errors they could make he called "honest, solitary and short-lived." And for these errors education would always be a complete remedy. He had respect for men and his strong democratic faith never failed, even when they were foolish, or dishonest or treacherous.

Jefferson's idea of government was that it should be made just as simple and inexpensive as possible. "The best government is that which governs least." It should be limited to "a few plain duties performed by a few servants." He would have few taxes and strongly opposed piling up debts for other generations to pay; for "the dead should have no dominion over the earth." He wished to give the widest opportunity to the masses, but he would have no special laws, privileges or favors for the separate classes of men. Jefferson, perhaps even more than Washington, dreaded the military spirit. Filled with ideals of peace, he wished to see us friends with all the nations of earth.

Four years he served as Secretary of State. Under Washington the government was constantly gaining in power and strength, and in his new post Jefferson rendered important service. In the war between England and France, he, the first friend of France in America, strengthened the hands of Washington, and did much to save the country from taking the side of France and starting a new war with England. But throughout these years his greatest work was given to the battle against Hamilton and those who held the aristocratic ideas of Hamilton. Into this unending and bitter, but winning fight, he who had hated debate and contests of every kind, threw his whole soul, until he was exhausted with the struggle.

THE RETURN TO MONTICELLO

Jefferson at length resolved to have done with public life forever, and to return to Monticello. This was necessary for another reason, for the losses of the Revolution and his entire neglect of his personal interests during the many years he was serving his country, had burdened him with debt. He went back to his old home rejoicing, for a time forgot political matters entirely, and gave all his energy to finishing the building of his house and to the development of his large estates. To the work of his farm he brought many new ideas that he had gathered abroad—new methods to be tried, experiments to be made, all for the benefit of mankind, and especially, of his own countrymen. French chestnuts and olives and Alpine strawberries were planted. He introduced better breeding animals, sheep and hogs.

He was ceaselessly active in many other ways. He had a genius for mechanics always. Like many of

our great Americans, he delighted in working with his hands, and in his shop made many useful inventions. Among such things, made at different times, were a folding chair, the revolving chair now seen in every office, the folding top that we use on our carriages. While he was living in France, with the help of his geometry, he had fashioned an improved plow. He now studied to improve the machinery used on his farm, he gave his mind to chemistry, whose great possibilities he saw, and made many original and daring suggestions in science and the mechanic arts. He still lived "with his pen in hand," keeping many books, and adding to his other activities, scientific studies on the power of the moon over the weather, the circles about the moon, the natural history of the turkey. And at this time we hear of his making vocabularies of over thirty Indian dialects. His friends agreed: "He is the most industrious person I ever knew."

Everything he did was still done in a tranquil and happy spirit; the old "Jefferson temper" remained unchanged, and as he rode over the country on horseback, when he was not talking to some one, he was always humming or singing to himself. But, industrious as he was, he had lost the ability to make money. The old debts were not reduced and new ones accumulated.

AS VICE PRESIDENT

With his intense interest in the progress of the developing nation, Thomas Jefferson soon found that it was impossible not to concern himself with the problems and dangers of the Republic. His leadership was needed, and he was soon writing eager letters and seeing and talking to influential men, urging the

cause of democracy. He had inspired his countrymen by his ideals, and the political party that he had founded had grown so rapidly in power, that, when the presidential election of 1796 approached, he was placed in nomination for the presidency. He lost the election to John Adams by only two votes in the electoral college. According to the old method of election, this made him Vice President. It was a position he was glad to have, for it was one of dignity and leisure and paid a good salary, which at that time he greatly needed.

He had just been elected President of the Philosophical Society, so when he left Monticello for Philadelphia, as his negro coachman, Jupiter, cracked the whip, and he drove off in his heavy, old chaise, he had the bones of a mastodon that had lately been unearthed, under his seat, and in his trunk a little book of parliamentary law, written in his student days at Williamsburg. He left his chaise, as he usually did, just as soon as he could meet a public coach. And as he disliked to have people wait on him, disliked even to be called "mister" or "esquire," so he avoided ceremonies wherever possible. He had requested that no reception be given him on his arrival in Philadelphia. But his friends would not be denied their pleasure, and he was welcomed by a company of artillery. A salute of sixteen rounds was fired from two twelve-pounder guns, and a flag was displayed, bearing the words: "Jefferson, the Friend of the People."

As the Vice President is also the presiding officer of the Senate, for his new duties Jefferson rewrote his little Manual to Parliamentary Practice and it became a book of great use for many years. He laid out the city of Washington to which the government was to

move in 1800, planning it according to the design of his beloved college town of Williamsburg. During his Vice Presidency, because of their difference of ideas, a coldness interrupted for a time his old friendship with John Adams, the new President. There came again a crisis in foreign affairs, and he used all his great influence to avoid a war with France. But always his first interest was saving his own country to the principles of democracy. In 1798 Congress had passed the Alien and Sedition Laws. These gave the President the power to banish from the country without trial any foreigner of whom he had suspicion, and punished with fine and imprisonment any spoken or printed attack on Congress or upon the President. Jefferson opposed both these laws that were a violation of the Constitution, for they abolished trial by jury and freedom of speech and press. The indignation of the country was roused, and the cause of democracy gained new strength.

“A CONSERVATIVE REFORMER” AS PRESIDENT

The presidential election of 1800 was long and bitterly fought, and it was finally given to Thomas Jefferson. It was the first inauguration in the city of Washington, the final and permanent capital, where the nation at last became conscious of its own existence and power. John Adams, the second President, had gone to the ceremony in Philadelphia in a coach and six, followed by a procession of coaches and four. Thomas Jefferson, true to his own democratic ideas, rode on horseback to the Capitol, without guard, escort or servant. He dismounted unaided, himself hitched the bridle of his horse to a fence, and without

other formality, walked into the Senate Chamber to deliver his inaugural. But though he would allow no military display, no bands or booming of cannon, he could not restrain the joy of his countrymen at the change. Democracy had come into its own. His day of inauguration was celebrated like the Fourth of July. The Declaration of Independence was everywhere read and printed in the papers. There were parades, bon-fires and orations. Once again men got the thrill that they had received from Washington's farewell address. "This government," said Jefferson, "is the world's best hope."

Thomas Jefferson's ideas had been thought so radical by his opponents that many expected sweeping changes in the government itself; some even feared revolution. But their fears were groundless. The important changes that were made were in the direction of simplicity and economy. The new President did away with useless political offices; he gave no appointment to a relative. And he stopped all pomp and ceremony. The president's residence was no longer called "the Palace." He would not allow the usual ball to celebrate the President's birthday, and he stopped the royal custom of levees. At first it was supposed that the levees would be continued and a brilliant crowd gathered on the usual day, but the President was not at home. He was taking his regular afternoon ride on horseback. When he returned, he found his parlors filled with company. In great good humor, he went among them just as he was, riding whip in hand, booted and spurred and splashed with mud. He laughed and laughed, and made the misunderstanding a joke. But it was the last of levees known in America.

And so in very simple, democratic fashion, Thomas

Jefferson took up his work as president. One of his first acts was to pardon every man, who was in prison under the un-American Sedition Law. He insisted on being to all men the simple Virginia gentleman farmer that he was. His gracious manners were always faultless, but there are many amusing stories from those days, of the surprise and shock at his appearance that the new ministers of foreign countries had, when they first met him. A member of the British legation wrote of his great height, his very red, freckled face, his grey neglected hair, and said: "He wore a blue coat, a thick gray-colored hairy waistcoat, with a red under-waistcoat lapped over it, green velveteen breeches with pearl buttons, and slippers down at the heels, his appearance being very much like that of a tall, large-boned farmer." When Jefferson went to the Capitol on the business of the nation, it was always, as he went at first, on the back of his favorite horse, which he still led himself into a shed, and hitched to a peg.

He brought good fellowship and lavish Virginia hospitality to Washington, where French cooks made his liberal table famous. His shrewd understanding of men and of the changes of public opinion, his friendly ways, his kindness and good humor all helped him gain so great a leadership and power over men, that he has been called the cleverest politician this country has ever seen. It has been said: "He loved books and study, but he loved men better." People liked him on sight. On one of his daily horseback rides his party dashed along a country road and came to a stream that had to be forded. An old woodsman was there who wished to be taken across behind one of the riders. Looking closely at each of them, he silently let one after another of the horsemen pass.

Jefferson was riding last and at sight of him the old fellow asked for a "lift," never dreaming that the rider was the President of the United States. With a smile he was invited to mount behind the saddle and was promptly taken over the water. When he was asked why he had selected the last rider, he answered: "I reckon a man carries 'yes' or 'no' in his face. The young chaps' faces said 'No'; the old man's, 'Yes!'"

For his cabinet, Jefferson selected men from his own party, who had education and practical experience. His tests were these: "Is he honest? Is he capable? Is he faithful to the Constitution?" The country now was growing rapidly in population, wealth and industry, and it prospered under his leadership. The army was reduced until only the smallest remnant of it remained. All the ships of the navy were sold except thirteen. Internal taxes were abolished; and during Jefferson's first term the public debt that had been piled up by the Revolution was cut nearly in half. The only war of his administration was against the pirates of Tripoli, in which the gallant fighting of our ships freed the commerce of the world from the plundering of these ancient sea robbers and marked the birth of the American navy.

Jefferson had always liked the Indians from the time, when, as a boy, he had known the best of the old chiefs, who loved his father and who used to visit his home. And among his boyhood's memories, never forgotten, was the night scene of the oration of the great Ontassetè, in the Cherokee camp under the full moon, the power and the dignity of the speaker, the silence of his motionless listeners. And now through this respect and fondness for the Indian, Jefferson urged justice towards the red man and took

a stand that, in spite of selfish opposition, is still the policy of our government today.

It was his love for his fellow man that established our generous national policy toward immigration. In Virginia he had made the law generous in granting citizenship. Through his powerful help a change was now made in the law of the nation, and Jefferson proudly wrote of this work of Congress: "They are opening the doors of hospitality to fugitives from the oppression of other countries." It was that friendly opening of doors that has led to the upbuilding of the nation by men of many races, until America has become "the land of the immigrant."

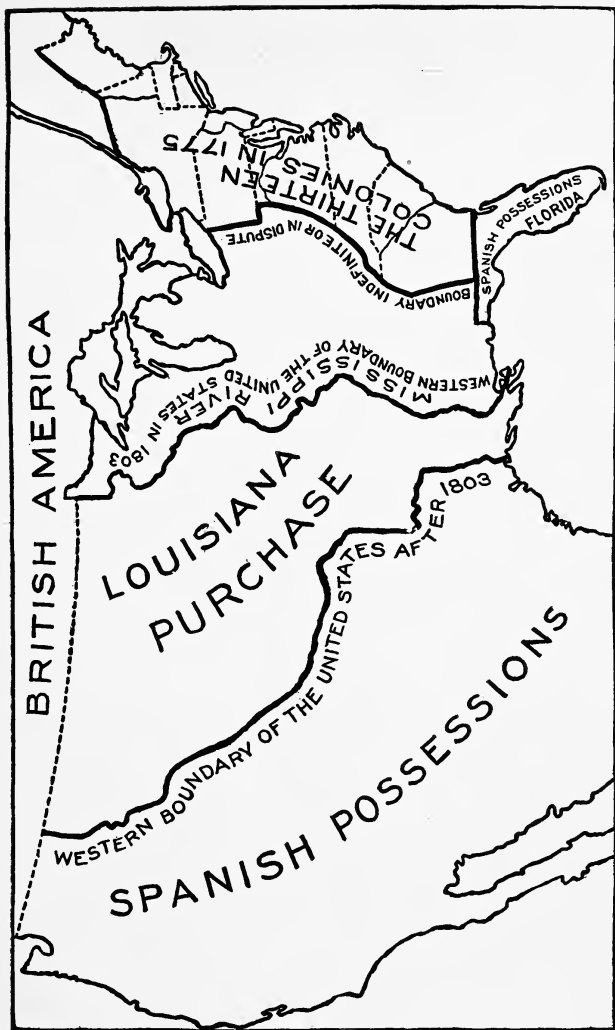
Jefferson had remarkable foresight of the coming growth of our country. In those days the Mississippi was the extreme western boundary of the Republic, and it seemed a far distant river. But Jefferson had long looked to a day when the Pacific would be our boundary on the west. Spain had held enormous lands stretching northward from the Gulf of Mexico to the boundary line of British America. Westward they extended from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains. The whole territory was then called Louisiana, and had just been ceded by Spain to France. Bonaparte declared that he intended to colonize Louisiana at once. Jefferson, man of peace as he was, now threatened war. Then he changed his plan, and when he offered to buy Louisiana, Napoleon's minister said that the plans for colonization were complete, the ships and officers selected, the whole expedition under sailing orders. But just at this time England won control of the seas, and Louisiana was in danger of falling first prize of war. Napoleon, fearing an entire loss of it, at last struck a bargain, and for \$15,000,000 sold Louisiana to the

United States. The territory of the Union was thus more than doubled by a "stroke of the pen." It was Jefferson's ambitious and persistent work, his clear understanding of the measureless value of Louisiana, that gave the United States the vast territory that has made a great nation possible.

It was during the bargaining for the purchase of Louisiana that Jefferson saw the first need of this country for its permanent peace and happiness. Time and again he wrote, with the wisdom of Washington and his own great love of peace, that we should never entangle ourselves with the quarrels of Europe. He had a "horror" of his "heavenly country becoming an arena of gladiators," of its suffering from the "ferocious and sanguinary contests of Europe," as it easily might, if Europe were allowed to meddle in affairs on this side of the Atlantic.

We have not yet reached the time Jefferson hoped for, when no European gun can ever again be heard in our western hemisphere. But he took a wise step, when it was feared that England might seize Louisiana, by giving immediate notice that our government would view "a change of neighbors with great uneasiness." It was his friend and disciple President Monroe, who, in 1823, while Jefferson was still living, announced to the world in a message to Congress that the continents of North and South America were no longer open to colonization by European countries and that the United States would object to any attempt to "extend their system" of interference "to any part of this hemisphere." This policy has grown with the growth of our nation and is called "The Monroe Doctrine."

Once Louisiana was our own, it was necessary to have exact knowledge of the vast lands that we had



THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THIRTEEN COLONIES BEFORE
THE REVOLUTION TO THE NATION AS IT WAS AFTER
THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE IN 1803

bought, and of the mysterious Oregon country that lay beyond. For the interior of the great West was as little known to Americans in that day as the hidden jungles of Africa. More than a dozen years before, while Jefferson was Secretary of State, he had helped raise money to send Andrew Michaud exploring through the West to find out about its plains, rivers and mountains, its Indians and animals. But a greater work was now to be done. In 1804 he sent the famous explorers, Lewis and Clark on their long journey that lasted nearly two years and a half. Up the Missouri River they went, across the unknown lands of the Dakota plains, through the wilds of Montana and the Rockies, and down the Columbia River, until their light canoes met, as they wrote, "waves like small mountains," that told them they had reached the Pacific. Lewis and Clark had hardly started on their great journey, when Jefferson sent Pike to explore the upper waters of the Mississippi, and later to follow to their sources the Arkansas, Colorado and Rio Grande rivers. All of these men brought back valuable knowledge of the Louisiana Purchase, of the far Northwest and of the Southwest, and to Jefferson they brought a wealth of scientific specimens.

Meanwhile, the popularity and success of the Republican Party steadily increased. No one any longer feared Thomas Jefferson and his radical theories, and at the election of 1804 he again became president by a majority of the electoral college so great that it was almost unanimous. In his second term there was trouble with Spain, and the United States all but came to war with Great Britain, because she claimed the right to search American ships and seize American sailors. Within another four years this

was to lead to a second war with England, but Jefferson avoided it for the time, for, as he said, "Peace is our passion;" and he quoted Franklin's words: "There never was a good war, or a bad peace."

Jefferson attempted to force England to come to an agreement that would be honorable and just by an Act of Congress that was known as the Embargo. This forbade Americans to export their goods to any foreign port. Jefferson had remembered how, before the Revolution, England had suffered when Americans refused to buy English goods, and he thought a refusal to have any business dealings with England would "introduce between nations another umpire than arms." But American merchants lost heavily; and their heavy losses caused the repeal of the Embargo.

Throughout these two terms Jefferson's spirit was everywhere carried into the American government. There was struggle and strife of parties as political theory turned into practice, but the model of the government had been made. Like a well-built machine, it was now running smoothly. A feeling of loyalty to the Constitution and to the Union had been born and Jefferson had proved the practical efficiency of popular government. His unfailing belief in the people and in their fitness for self-government, his long struggle for their rights made him almost their idol. It has been said that no president whose power was not built upon war has ever had such power over Congress and over the people. His reputation and popularity were now second only to that of Washington. At the end of his second term the legislatures of five states asked him to stand for a third election; but he firmly refused, saying that the continued election of a president would give him

the office for life, and he added: "History shows how easily that degenerates into an inheritance."

Jefferson was succeeded in the presidency by Madison and Monroe, his close friends and political pupils, who each served as president for eight years. They both consulted him in all important matters; they often visited him, and constantly wrote him. His authority remained almost supreme in his party, so that for sixteen years after his retirement the Government of the United States was conducted on lines that he himself had drawn.

"THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE"

Back once more at Monticello, Jefferson was yet to fill many useful years. His great house was now finished. He gave himself to the work of his farm, to an immense correspondence and to scientific studies. His financial difficulties increased, so that he was obliged to sell much of his land, as well as his famous library. So serious was this trouble, that when he died, his whole estate was swept away by the debt. But in spite of these difficulties, his old age was serene and fruitful. His daughter Martha, who had been with him in Paris, had married and had children whom he dearly loved.

Washington had long been dead, and Jefferson in his retirement was for many years the greatest living American. Notables from all over the world came, almost on pilgrimage, to see him, and great numbers of visitors flocked to Monticello to enjoy his bountiful and extravagant hospitality. There were distant relatives, close friends, as well as mere acquaintances, and absolute strangers in troops. They stood around in the halls and on the lawn to catch sight of the great man. His house often sheltered more than

fifty at a time. No tavern in the whole county had so many visitors. A beef killed would be eaten up within two days, and the entire produce of his farm was insufficient to feed them. But the hospitable Jefferson never let his visitors encroach upon his time. He saw them only at dinner and in the evening, and he sometimes fled from them to a distant farm.

He still kept his intense interest in every great problem before the Republic. As a young man he had said that slavery meant "the most unremitting despotism on the one part and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this and learn to imitate it. With the morals of the people, their industry also is destroyed. I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, that His justice cannot sleep forever."

And now in his extreme old age, believing it "written in the book of fate" that the negroes were to be free—still hoping for emancipation by law, he knew full well the difficulty of destroying slavery, for he said: "We have the wolf by the ears, and can neither hold him, nor safely let him go." And far into the future with the gaze of a prophet he saw how nearly slavery would wreck our "Ship of State." Then it was he wrote: "This momentous question, like a fire bell in the night, awakened me, and filled me with terror. I considered it at once as the knell of the Union."

But the absorbing interest of the last sixteen years of his life, when he said, he had "one foot in the grave and the other lifted to follow it," was the foundation of the University of Virginia. With all his old enthusiasm he took up this great task. He besieged the legislature with demands for money for the work.

He drew the plans of the buildings, and made the working drafts. Early in the morning he would mount his horse, and canter down the mountain and across the country, and spend the day directing the building. And so there arose a university, new in courses of study and new in rules, where for the first time in America, a young man had his own choice of his studies, was free from religious restrictions, and entrusted to his own honor and conscience. It was as Jefferson had wished—a university so “broad and liberal and modern, as to be a temptation to the youth of other states to come and drink of the cup of knowledge and fraternize with us.” The founding of such a university was a fitting close to his life. The political liberties of his country had been won. Only knowledge was now needed to make democracy forever secure. It was in fulfillment of an oath taken many years before: “I have sworn eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man!”

His eager work continued until the very end. He rode his fiery horse until he was so feeble that he had to be lifted into the saddle. His mental activity never failed. He followed closely what was done, said and thought in the world. The very last year of his life, when he was eighty-three years old, he reread in their original tongue the great Greek dramatists. He was happy in his family, he rejoiced in his friends. He loved his garden and his flowers, and, like Washington, the great joy of his evenings was found in the children who studied at his knee.

His end was as the coming of sleep, a gradual sinking to rest. The last week of June of the year 1826 he was still able to write long letters. One of them was a reply to an invitation to attend a Fourth of July celebration in Washington.

“With a trembling hand, but with a buoyant heart, he wrote: ‘All eyes are open or opening to the rights of man. The mass of mankind have not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred ready to ride them legitimately, by the Grace of God!’”

But now his strength slowly failed, and it was seen that death was near. It was the third of July. He roused himself again and again, greatly desiring to live until the Fourth. As the night wore on, from time to time he eagerly whispered: “This is the Fourth?” Those who sat by his bedside kept watching the clock, fearing that his spirit would pass before midnight. The hour struck, and once more he stirred restlessly and asked: “This is the Fourth?” At the nod, with a happy sigh of relief, he breathed: “Ah!” And the old smile lit up his features. Not until noon of the great anniversary did he sink into the endless slumber. Exactly fifty years had gone since the Declaration of Independence was given to the world. On the afternoon of that same day at Quincy in Massachusetts, the great John Adams, his friend and supporter in the Continental Congress, passed away. The last words on his lips were: “Thomas Jefferson still lives.”



Abraham Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE SAVIOR OF HIS COUNTRY

"His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Americans have often thought of their nation as a mighty ship, that was carrying them and all that they held dear, now over tranquil waters, now through the perils and the tempests of an unknown sea. Washington had guided our "Ship of State" safely through the storms of her first voyage. Jefferson stood at the helm when Abraham Lincoln was born—that great captain who saved our noble vessel from shipwreck on the rocks of slavery and brought her safe to harbor, only to lie himself silent and lifeless on her deck.

In the century that had passed since Franklin's birth, the narrow strip of weak and divided English colonies along the Atlantic shore had grown to a united nation of eighteen strong states, that spread beyond the Allegheny Mountains to the broad Mississippi; and now Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase had moved its boundary even farther west, to the heights of the Rockies. Slavery had grown with the country. At the very beginning of our national life, Franklin, with almost his last breath protested against it to Congress and called it "a crime." Washington wished to see it ended by the free act of the people

in their legislatures. Even as a young man, Jefferson had worked vainly to free Virginia from it in this same wise way. And now Lincoln, having in him the heart and soul of America, was raised up to save his country from the curse of slavery.

A SON OF THE FRONTIER

The Lincolns came to America from England in 1635 and settled first in Massachusetts. Fathers and sons, they all loved adventure and a wandering life, and gradually drifted towards the South, and then with other settlers followed the frontier as it moved westward. From Massachusetts they went to New Jersey, and from New Jersey to Pennsylvania, where they were known as Quakers. For many years they found a home in Virginia.

The great Liberator took his name from his grandfather, the first Abraham Lincoln, who, at the end of the Revolution struck west through the forests and mountains, and made his way from Virginia to Kentucky, the bloody battle ground of the Indians. For here his friend, Daniel Boone, the great pioneer and frontiersman, had been for three years, founding a new settlement in the wilderness. Furious at the white men for taking their land, the Indians crept stealthily to their work of revenge, scalping and murdering whole families, and sometimes taking women and children prisoners. One morning in 1784, little six year old Thomas was with his father, Abraham, in the forest. Suddenly the ten year old brother Mordecai heard a shot and saw his father fall. He saw the Indian murderer running off with his small brother. Snatching up a gun, aiming it through a loophole in the logs of the cabin, Mordecai fired, the

Indian staggered and fell, and little Thomas ran safe to his mother's arms. He lived to become the father of the great Lincoln.

Trained by the hardships of the frontier, the Lincolns handed down from father to son strength of body and of character. But Thomas Lincoln had lost the energy of his Quaker fathers. He was a carpenter by trade, without ambition, and not able to win a good living from the hard frontier life. His wife, who had been Nancy Hanks, was long remembered as a beautiful, gentle Quaker girl, with the deep religious spirit of her people. She eagerly read every book she could find, and patiently taught her husband the alphabet and how to write his name.

In the rough log cabin swept by the winter winds, on a little farm by Nolin Creek in the wild new country of Kentucky, their second child, Abraham Lincoln was born, February 12, 1809. Never prospering, the little family soon moved to another farm, and Thomas built a poor cabin for their home. When Abraham was seven years old, there seemed to be hope of better fortune in Indiana, where settlers were then able to buy land from the United States government for \$2 an acre.

And so, in the dreary month of November, with two horses, the little family worked its hard way north to the new lands, through nearly one hundred miles of forest—Abraham, a boy of seven, using his gun and axe like his father. For that first winter in the heart of the wilderness, only a rough three-sided shed, with a buffalo skin to close it, sheltered them from the cold rains and snows and driving winds. In front of it was the fire, always burning. Over this, from stakes, on a chain swung the big iron kettle in which their food was cooked—fat bacon, corn and beans. Their bread

was made of corn meal and was baked in the ashes.

While the delicate mother did her heavy work she found time to tell her little son the fine old stories of the Bible, and to teach him how to read and write a little. Thomas Lincoln spent the winter cutting timber for a new log cabin, but it was a year before it was finished and they went to live in it. Even then it was still without floor and doors. Little Abraham's bed was a heap of dry leaves in the corner of the loft, and he climbed up to it by a ladder of pegs driven into the log wall. They were poor and life was very hard, so that they went through "pretty pinching times," as he said in later days.

Within another year Nancy Lincoln died. She had faithfully shared the hard and lonely life of her slipshod husband, but in spirit she lived in a world apart. Often her sad eyes seemed to see a life far beyond the rough days of the frontier, a life that she longed to give her boy, for she knew the mind and the heart that were in him. In those ten years she stamped on Abraham Lincoln her own high ideals of truth and honor, her own reverent and religious spirit. Her dying words were: "I am going away from you, Abraham, and shall not return. I want you to live as I have taught you, and to love your Heavenly Father." Her husband made the rude coffin, and friends laid her to rest, but her ten year old son could not bear the thought that his mother had been buried without a religious service. Earnestly he worked at a letter to a minister who lived one hundred miles away. Touched to the heart, the preacher made the long journey on horseback, and there was hymn and sermon and prayer at the lonely grave in an opening of the timberland. Abraham never forgot his mother nor lost her influence. As a man he said with tears in

his eyes: "All that I am and all that I hope to be I owe to my sainted mother."

Alone in the wretched cabin, half hidden by drifting snow, the motherless children shivered together through the long, cold winter. For more than a year the little sister, Sarah, struggled with the housework and Abraham helped as he could. One day in 1820 a four-horse wagon drove up to the cabin and in it were a new mother, two girls and a boy, feather beds, bureaus and chairs, more furniture than the little Lincolns had ever before seen. Thomas Lincoln had been back to Kentucky, and had married an old sweet-heart, Sarah Bush Johnston, who had been left a widow with three children. A very tall woman she was, "handsome, sprightly, talkative and proud," and she was besides an ambitious and practical worker, just the kind of a helpmate that Thomas Lincoln needed. Under her capable hands the cabin was no longer a place of misery, but rang with the laughter of happy children. In a short time the floor was laid, a door was hung, windows cut, and the holes in the cabin walls plastered. Abraham and Sarah, who had been poor, ragged, barefoot little waifs, were now neatly dressed, they slept in a feather bed and had other comforts unknown before. And as for Abraham, his step-mother soon saw his ability and did everything she could to help him, and there grew up between them a strong and lasting love.

Lincoln went to school, as he said, "by littles" during a period of about nine years. All his schooling together, according to his calculation, did not amount to one year; but between times he learned, like Franklin, to help himself, and so knew far more than his comrades. He learned to read well, to cipher and write a clear hand; he was a good speller, and of him-

self discovered the correct form of the family name, Lincoln, which had always been written Linkhern or Linkhorn, at the rare times, when those unschooled frontiersmen needed to sign their name.

There were no slates and slate pencils to be had in those early days in the West, so it was on a wooden shovel with a bit of charcoal that Lincoln worked his sums by the flickering glow of the fire, or by the pale light of dawn. When the shovel was covered with figures he shaved it off clean and used it again. On this same shovel or on wooden shingles, he wrote compositions and essays of his own, cutting them down to as few words as possible, because of lack of space. Then with blackberry root ink and a pen made from a wild turkey's quill he copied them carefully on paper. And he wrote in his arithmetic:

"Abraham Lincoln '
His hand and pen;
He will be good,
But God knows when."

Hard work was his lot from a small boy. Barefoot he helped his father to clear the dense forest, plow ground, plant corn, gather and shuck it. He was often hired out to nearby families for all sorts of odd jobs, even to tend a neighbor's baby. Yet every spare moment, even at his meals, walking along the road, or while his horse rested from plowing at the end of a long furrow, he would be buried in some book. His stepmother said: "Abe read diligently every book he could lay his hands on—he once told a friend that he had "read through every book he had heard of within a circuit of fifty miles"—and when he came to a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards, if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would rewrite it, look at it,

and repeat it." He had a kind of scrap book in which he put everything that interested him. After his work was over, he would often read some book, even a dictionary, in the dusk as long as he could see.

Many an hour by the light of a blazing pine knot, the boy lay on the floor laughing over the *Arabian Nights*. He read *Aesop's Fables* over and over, learning from it to tell stories with a point. He read the Bible until he knew a large part of it by heart. He read *Robinson Crusoe*; *Pilgrim's Progress*; *Plutarch's Lives*, Franklin's favorite book; a history of the United States; and the lives of Benjamin Franklin and of Washington. Of Washington's life he never tired. He was thrilled by the pages that told the story of Trenton and the crossing of the Delaware, thrilled by the heroism and sacrifices of the patriots and by their wonderful love for their country. It was this book that he borrowed from a neighbor called Crawford, and one night read in his bed in the loft until his "nubbin" of candle burned out. Then he stuck the book between the logs of the cabin wall beside him, so that he could get it the first thing in the morning. During the night it was soaked by a heavy rain, and Lincoln had to pull corn for three days to pay for it.

Even in the stories of his boyhood, the spirit and traits of the great Lincoln shine. He could never bear to see suffering. He once killed a wild turkey, but that was the end of his hunting. When his comrades, in their rough and thoughtless way, tortured animals, he wrote of it in a composition as mean, cruel and wicked. Seeing men drunk with whiskey, he wrote on "Temperance," yet showed his kind heart by pulling the town drunkard out of a ditch on a bitter cold night, so saving him from death. He wrote witty

verses about people whom he did not like, and some of his ideas on public questions were so good and so well expressed, that they were published in the new county weekly.

He was still only a boy when he began to take an interest in politics and the law. He read speeches of Henry Clay, the great statesman and political orator. And he would often walk twelve miles to the constable's house to read the dry volume of the laws of Indiana. He began to attend court, and here again distance was no obstacle to his long legs. Day after day he walked thirty-four miles to hear an interesting murder trial. And when the able lawyer for the defense finished his argument, the young Abraham was so moved by it that he hurried across the room, eagerly grasped his hand, and said: "That was the best speech I ever heard." From that time he was determined to be a lawyer.

He was little more than a lad when his great talent for speaking was discovered. Men and boys from the farms and the woods stood listening in delight, when he mounted the stump and made them speeches that were sometimes comical, sometimes serious. They liked not less to gather round him at a house raising or corn-husking, and to listen to his talk so full of wit and funny stories, or to hear him mimic the sermon of some odd travelling preacher. Lincoln far preferred to study, or to read and make speeches than to work with his hands. Yet helping his father, he became something of a carpenter himself, and made shelves, chairs and cabinets. He used to say that his "father taught him to work, but never taught him to love it." Yet when he worked, he worked hard. When he was a man grown, with his great strength, equal to that of three men, they said, he could lift and carry a

pair of logs; and no axe, in that whole country of woodsmen, could sink so deep into the trunk of a tree as that swung by his mighty arms. He liked to use his strength in the favorite sports of running and wrestling, in which he was a leader.

At nineteen he had his full growth, six feet four in his bare feet. He was thin, but he had large bones and strong muscles; his arms and legs were unusually long, his hands and feet huge. Every inch a big rough clodhopper he looked, in his deerskin trousers held up by a single suspender. Shrunk tight and short for his legs, they showed several inches of bluish shin above his heavy cowhide shoes, that were worn only on Sundays or in very cold weather. A coarse homespun shirt covered his gaunt shoulders and arms. In winter he wore a coon skin cap pressed down on his wiry black hair; in summer, a rough straw hat without a band.

But it was the talk of Abraham Lincoln, and his face, with its strongly marked features, that drew men to him by a charm and power they could not resist. There they saw a nature strangely mixed, the rough with the fine, the commonplace with the ideal, great strength with deep tenderness, fun often coarse, with a sadness almost tragic. The shadow of this sadness never left his dark grey eyes, and seemed to speak of the path before him.

In 1828 this boy of nineteen had his first glimpse of the great world in an eighteen hundred mile journey down the Mississippi, swollen with the spring floods. A neighbor had sent him in charge of a flat boat, to market among the cotton planters its load of vegetables and bacon. In the South, he saw new sights indeed—the hanging mosses, the alligators blinking in the sun, the negroes, the cotton fields, busy steam-

boats plying to and fro, tall masted ships at anchor and sailors chattering in strange tongues. He went back to his home at Pigeon Cove, restless and discontented, eager to go out into the world to seek his fortune. But when he was told that it was his duty to stay with his father till he was of age, he remembered what his mother had told him about duty, and waited. People who knew him in these days of his youth, afterwards had a thousand stories to tell of his ready sympathy, his kind and generous nature. With a body splendidly strong, he had a very active mind, a wonderful memory, keen reasoning powers, a quick wit and the best gift for story-telling in all Indiana.

For some time past lumbering, white covered wagons had been carrying settlers westward, for the frontier now reached nearly to the Mississippi. The sight stirred the wandering Lincoln blood, and by March 1830 the family was moving again. The great wagons, drawn by heavy ox teams, were all ready to start on the rough two weeks' journey to Illinois, but Abraham was missing. Searching, they found him weeping at his mother's grave. Sadly he left and, whip in hand strode along, guiding the oxen through the heavy mud, his heart filled with tender memories of the past.

Another log cabin was built in Illinois and, to fence ten acres of land, Lincoln split those long, rough, wooden rails, that men were to talk so much about in later years, when this same Abraham Lincoln, the "rail splitter," became a candidate for the presidency of the United States. With his sharp axe and his wedges, he cut rails for neighboring settlers who needed them. And after he came to fame, his old friends remembered that when he had reached his new home in Illinois, his clothes were ragged and as

he had no money to buy new, he split fourteen hundred rails to pay a woman for a pair of trousers she made him.

The next March, just after he had turned the age of twenty-one, Lincoln started out in the world for himself. Again he went to New Orleans on a flat boat, and there for the first time saw a negro slave put up on a block and sold at auction to the highest bidder, just as if he were a horse or a cow. The brutality of the sight made him turn away sick at heart. It was then and there that slavery "ran its iron" into him. With his hand lifted to heaven, and fire in his earnest eyes, he cried: "If I ever get a chance to hit that institution, I'll hit it hard, by the Eternal God!"

For some years after this, Lincoln lived in a small Illinois village called New Salem. Here he loafed or worked from day to day, "spinning his Indiana yarns," as they called his stories, and gaining a new reputation for great physical strength. Forced into a fight with Jack Armstrong, the bully of the place, Lincoln thrashed him, and so won the liking and respect of the rough gang Armstrong led, that when the Black Hawk War with the Indians broke out in 1832, they chose him as captain of volunteers. But the war was soon over, and his company never saw active service. Here in New Salem he became pilot on a steamboat; later, clerk in a store where he won the lasting nickname of "Honest Abe." He was so honest, they said, that he once walked two miles to correct a mistake in change of six cents.

In August of that same year, he was candidate for the legislature. And this was his first campaign speech: "Gentlemen and Fellow-Citizens. I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by my friends to become

a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected I shall be thankful. If not, it will be all the same." But he was defeated—"the only time," as he proudly said after he became President, "I have ever been beaten by the people."

Then with a man named Berry as partner, he bought up three small stores in New Salem, and combined them in one. Berry spent most of his time drinking, and Lincoln, his heels high on the counter, or out of doors lying flat on his back in the shade, his bare feet up a tree, was usually deep in some book. The book might be Shakespeare, which he came to know almost as well as he knew the Bible; or Burns, whose poems he so loved that he could repeat nearly all of them; or it might be an English grammar or a law book. Business was neglected for books, and it is small wonder that within a year the business "winked out," as Lincoln said, and left the firm owing \$1,200. Berry soon died and the entire burden of the debt came upon Lincoln's shoulders. In jest he called it "the national debt." It took seventeen years of struggle and saving to free himself, but in the end every dollar of the debt was paid.

Abraham Lincoln's next work was that of deputy surveyor and postmaster of New Salem. When he first started surveying, his surveyor's chain was only a grapevine, but, like Washington, he was very accurate and never made mistakes. The position of deputy surveyor paid better than that of postmaster, for the mail was so small that Lincoln carried it about in his hat, until he could deliver it. Wherever the

postmaster went, there was the post office. It was not until two or three years after his appointment, that an agent came one day from Washington to collect from the New Salem Post Office the money due the United States. Asking him to be seated, Lincoln took out of his trunk an old blue sock with a quantity of silver and copper coin tied up in it, and counted out the exact pieces he had received as postmaster. He had never used a cent of it throughout those years of poverty, when even his horse, his saddle and his surveying instruments were sold by the sheriff for debt.

Lincoln was poor in this world's goods, but rich in the love and trust of his friends. He was always willing to "lend a hand," and, so it was said: "He visited the fatherless and widows and chopped their wood." He was often umpire at horse races and wrestling matches. He worked on at his law books, and acted as a lawyer in a small way without a fee.

FROM STATE LEGISLATURE TO CONGRESS

In 1834 Lincoln tried again for a place in the legislature, and his humorous and common sense stump speeches won his election. No longer shabby, but in a brand new suit of "store clothes" for which a friend loaned the money, he went to Vandalia, the capital of Illinois.

He was starting a new life. Like Washington he watched keenly the business before the house, but seldom spoke. Here he met Stephen A. Douglas, who for years was to be his rival in many a great affair—a man short and broad, as he himself was tall and thin. He was so short that Lincoln called him the "least man I ever saw."

In 1836 Lincoln was again elected to the legislature.

It was in this campaign he took part in a debate that people were to tell about and laugh over for many years to come. His opponent had changed his politics, received a well paid office as his reward, and had just put up on his handsome house the first lightning rod ever seen in Springfield. During this debate Lincoln stood pale and silent, his eyes flashing as he heard himself attacked for being a young man. When his turn came, after answering the arguments made against him, he ended by saying: "The gentleman has seen fit to allude to my being a young man; but he forgets that I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and I desire place and distinction, but I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would change my politics for an office worth three thousand dollars a year, and then feel compelled to erect a lightning rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

Again in 1838 and 1840 Lincoln took his seat in the legislature. A true democrat always, he lived close to the people and believed in their judgement as the surest guide in public affairs. His eight years in the legislature were a school of experience in politics, where his power and wisdom as a statesman first developed. Leader of the "Long Nine," the nickname given to the nine members, all over six feet tall, from his county of Sangamon, he worked hard to give the state "a general system of internal improvements"—railroads, canals, banks—a plan which pleased the progressive people of the West, but ran the State deep into debt. Through his efforts, the state capital was moved from Vandalia to Springfield, and a great banquet was given to the "Long Nine" on their return. Lincoln was then joyfully hailed as a man who "has

fulfilled the expectations of his friends and disappointed the hopes of his enemies." Because of these successes, he once had dreams of becoming the governor of the State of Illinois.

The great thing he did in these eight years, that stands out superb in its courage, was his protest, the whole legislature but one man against him, that "the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy." This marked the course of his future life and service to his country and came at a time when, throughout the West, a man who wished the negroes to have their freedom was thought not much better than a horse thief. In the West, in those days, a horse thief was promptly hanged.

In 1836, at the age of twenty-seven, Lincoln had been admitted to the bar, and early in that year he went to Springfield to live. On a borrowed horse, almost penniless, with nothing but a few clothes in his saddle bags, he rode up to the store of an acquaintance, a man by the name of Speed. He asked if he could buy bedding, and have credit for it till Christmas, when he hoped to be a success as a lawyer. "If I fail in this," he said, "I do not know that I can ever pay you." Speed, thinking he had never seen a sadder face, offered to share his own large bed with him. "Where is your room?" asked the young lawyer briskly. "Up there," said Speed, pointing to the stairway. Lincoln picked up his saddle bags, carried them up the stairs, dropped them on the floor, and came back beaming with delight. "Well, Speed, I've moved!" he said.

What did men see as they looked at him now? An awkward, shy young man, almost as slender and as tall as one of his own fence rails, clad in clothes of Kentucky jean, his home spun coat reaching below

his knees, and sometimes out at the elbows. In his clean-shaven face, in his forehead, eyes and nose, there was something almost Roman. But in his high cheek bones and dark brown skin there was also something of the Indian. It was a very plain face that became almost beautiful when he smiled. And this great beauty of his smile and the sadness of his eyes were the things about him that men always noticed and always remembered. He had a hearty hand clasp, a sympathetic voice. He made friends quickly, and on cold winter nights, no matter how bad the weather, the choice spirits of Springfield gathered round the great wood fire in Speed's store, just because Lincoln was sure to be there—Lincoln with his stories that usually had a serious point, though they caused such uproarious laughter. Yet for all the fun, the friendship and good fellowship of the man, and his intense love for the people, he was never treated with familiarity. They spoke of him as "Honest Abe," and as he grew older, as "Uncle Abe," but they always addressed him as "Mr. Lincoln."

The young lawyer was soon widely known and warmly welcomed as he rode about the country with the district judge, "on the circuit," from court house to court house. Everyone said that he was too honest to make a good lawyer. Yet in twenty-five years, Lincoln worked up from a five dollar fee before a justice of the peace to a five thousand dollar fee before the Supreme Court of Illinois. In his rules for lawyers Lincoln says: "Resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your own judgement you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer."

And well did he follow his own advice. Not by his learning nor by his witty stories did he carry juries

with him, but by the honesty and justice of his character, and by his power in defence of truth. When he once saw his duty it was, in his phrase, "as plain as a turnpike road." And because he would only defend the right, he once gave up a case in the middle of the testimony, when he found that his client was in the wrong. If he were asked to act as attorney in a cause that was unfair, he would try to persuade his client to give up his claim. Men accused of crime knew that he was a poor lawyer to have unless they were innocent. Usually in court he was calm and kindly, but when roused by falsehood or injustice, his anger was a thing to dread. In defence of the wronged he was as tender in sympathy as he was terrible in attack. He had a great talent for ridding a case of difficulties, for making the issue clear, for asking questions that were their own answers. And always he had new and good stories to tell, stories that had point and humor and brought conviction. His great height was impressive. His arms and legs were continually in motion. At times of passion or pathos, he would stretch out his long arm toward the jury-box and shake his bony fingers with telling effect. Judges and juries came to feel that his side in a case was pretty sure to be the right side. He quickly grew to be one of the ablest lawyers of all Illinois, and was engaged to defend causes of great importance.

Lincoln was not orderly. He carried most of his legal papers in his high hat. On one bundle of them he wrote: "When you can't find it anywhere else, look into this." His accounts were carelessly kept; he often forgot to enter his fees, which were usually ridiculously small. When he was paid, he

would put half into his pocket, and mark the rest with his partner's name, "Herndon's half."

Then and always, Lincoln was ready to help any living creature in distress. His lawyer friends told how, when they were riding with him "on the circuit," he had once dropped behind their party, and caught two young birds that were helpless and fluttering on the ground, and then had hunted up their nest and put them back. And once, they said, as he rode along he passed a pig struggling desperately in the mud of a deep pit. Respecting the new clothes he wore, he went on. But he turned back after two miles, built a bridge of old rails to the bottom of the hole, rescued the pig, ruined his fine clothes, and all, as he said, just "to take a pain out of his own mind."

Now comes the story of Lincoln's courtship and marriage. In his early manhood he had won the love of Ann Rutledge, a sweet, blue-eyed girl, filled with a spirit like his own. At her death, Lincoln's grief had been so terrible, that those who loved him feared he would lose his mind. Friends took him home and at last by their care won him back to some interest in life. But now in 1842 he and Stephen A. Douglas became rivals for the hand of Mary Todd, of Kentucky, a handsome, witty and dashing girl, who from her first arrival in Springfield, had been the society queen in the ambitious new state capital. To the surprise of the town, she chose the awkward and simple-mannered Lincoln instead of the polished and brilliant Douglas, and the day of the wedding was set. But for a reason that has always remained a mystery, the engagement was broken. "I am now the most miserable man living," Lincoln wrote a friend. "If what I feel were equally distributed to the whole human family, there would not be one

cheerful face on earth." A new attack of misery and melancholy came upon him. Finally the engagement was renewed and they were married November 4, 1842. The trials and struggles of his home life, bravely and patiently borne for years in silence, form a pathetic story, that was guessed only by his nearest friends.

His hard and honest work in the legislature and his growing popularity brought him an election in 1846 as a representative in Congress, and he appeared in Washington, in the House of Representatives, at the same time that Douglas took his seat in the Senate. "By way of getting the hang of the House," he wrote his partner, Herndon, "I made a little speech, and was about as badly scared—and no worse—as I am when I speak in court. As you are all so anxious for me to distinguish myself, I shall do so before long."

THE BEGINNING OF HIS GREAT WORK

People now knew that slavery was the cause nearest Lincoln's heart. "We have got to deal with this slavery question," he said, "and we have got to give much more attention to it hereafter than we have been doing."

At the beginning of the Revolution, negro slavery had been permitted by law in every one of the colonies, though high-minded men in the South, as in the North, opposed it even then. The opposition was strongest in the North, yet for many years after the Revolution, slavery was still permitted in New York and New Jersey. But in the North, negro labor was not of great value for the difficult work of farming and manufacture. There slavery was gradually and easily abolished. And as the country was settled farther and farther west, the new states that were formed

in the North were all free states, and in them no man could be held as a slave. In the South, the slaves did well enough for the simple work of growing tobacco, cotton and rice. They had been used profitably for this purpose for more than two hundred years. And, on this account, slavery flourished in the South, and the new southern states were all slave states.

But the world progresses, and it began to be more and more widely felt that slavery was a great wrong. In 1820, when Lincoln was a small boy in Indiana, the slave trade had been declared "piracy by the United States government, and by the other great nations of the world. Slaves could no longer be brought from Africa across the ocean. Yet those that were owned in the states of the South, could still be bought and sold like oxen, or any other cattle, and their children were born to a slavery they could not escape. By private sale, but chiefly by public auction, negro husbands and wives, parents and children were sometimes cruelly separated from each other. Slaves could be forced to work as much as fifteen hours a day, and no part of the result of their labor belonged to them, but all of it belonged to their owners. It was forbidden to teach them to read and write. The law allowed them to be shut up and chained, or beaten, or cut with a lash until they fainted from loss of blood.

There is no doubt that most of the slaves were well and kindly treated, and often there was great affection between them and their masters. But there were many terrible abuses. And there is also no doubt that the owners had full rights over the slaves, and that the slaves had almost no rights whatever. It was Lincoln who boldly said: "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong."

In Congress he fought hard, but vainly, for a plan to

keep slavery out of the enormous territory, which had just been taken from Mexico in war. These vast lands, now made into the many states that lie between Texas and Oregon, were equal in area to Spain, France and Germany added together. Lincoln voted for this "at least forty times," he said. And he proposed and just failed to have a law passed to free gradually the slaves in the District of Columbia. Voting "for the truth rather than for a lie," he gave his support to a measure declaring that the Mexican War had been "unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced" by our government. This cost him his seat as congressman. He left Washington despairing of ever being able to rouse the people against slavery or to free his country from its curse.

Back again in Springfield, disheartened, Lincoln strode along the streets, his gaunt figure in a suit of rusty black, his head bent forward in thought, dark rings beneath his hollow eyes. His hands were clasped behind his back, melancholy "dripping from him as he walked." Often one of his little sons pattered along beside him, fretfully tugging at his great bony hand in the vain hope of being noticed. "He was a man of sorrows, not sorrows of today or yesterday, but long-treasured and deep," his most intimate friend said of him at this time. He himself often admitted that he had been superstitious from boyhood. The coming of important events was marked by a strange dream or a presentiment or in some other mysterious way. For years dark forebodings of the future had filled his mind. Some "great or miserable end" was to be his, and to this fate he was resigned.

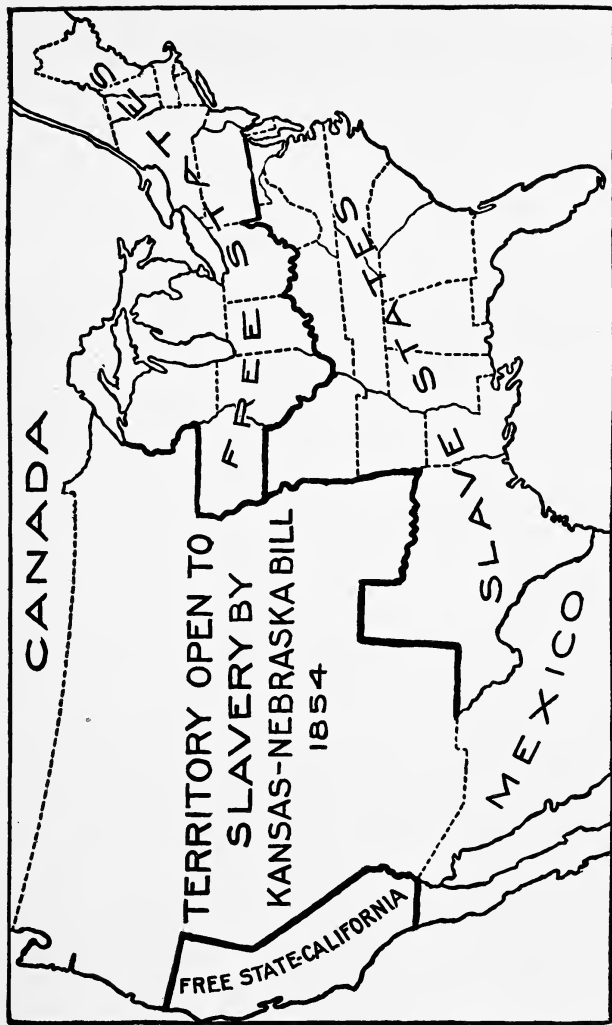
But happiness seemed almost as natural to him as melancholy. He loved laughter, good stories, the

jolly fellowship of men. And he delighted in his children. He would often be seen striding down the main street of Springfield with one boy high on his shoulder, the other following after, hanging to the tail of his long coat. One day both of them were running along beside him crying loudly. "What's the matter with the boys, Mr. Lincoln?" asked a neighbor. "Just what's the matter with the whole world;" Lincoln replied. "I've got three walnuts and each wants two."

He now returned to his profession and the work of the courts. Many of his lawyer friends were growing wealthy. But Lincoln still "rode the circuit," a gray shawl about his shoulders, carrying a carpet bag, fat with papers and clothing, and a faded green cotton umbrella without a handle, tied with a piece of twine, "A. Lincoln" in large white muslin letters on the inside. He had great need of money. The "national debt" was paid, but he had his family to support, his father, his devoted step-mother and a ne'er-do-well step-brother to help and, after his father's death, a mortgage on the old home to settle.

One night, past one o'clock, after Lincoln had been away for a week, his neighbor heard the sound of an axe. Leaving his bed, he saw Lincoln in the moonlight, chopping wood to cook his supper. "Lincoln," they said, "was his own wood chopper, hostler, stable-boy and cow-boy clear down to, and even beyond, the time that he was President-Elect of the United States."

And now at last, slavery became the great, pressing question before the people. Thirty years before, in 1820, Missouri had been admitted into the Union, as a state in which slavery would be permitted by law. But it was agreed at that time that slavery should



HOW THE UNITED STATES WAS DIVIDED BETWEEN
FREEDOM AND SLAVERY IN 1854

forever be forbidden in all the rest of the lands of the Louisiana Purchase that were north of the southern boundary of Missouri. This "Missouri Compromise" was roughly set aside by a law that had been proposed and introduced in the Senate by Douglas, allowing the two new territories of Kansas and Nebraska, then being organized, to decide for themselves, when they asked for statehood, whether they would be slave states or free states. This plan was called the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and it became a law in 1854. It was hoped that this would solve the dangerous problem, and quiet the passions both of the free North and the slave-holding South; but the North soon realized that what the new law really did was to open to slavery a great territory of the Northwest, a territory that has since given nine states to the Union.

So it could no longer be denied that slavery was invading the North. Lincoln had given the warning cry: "Slavery is spreading like wildfire over the country." The famous novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, had told the nation the story of its horrors. Great poets and orators had been preaching freedom for many years. For the whole North it was a terrible struggle between good and evil, and evil was winning. In the words of Lowell, they saw

"Truth forever on the scaffold
Wrong forever on the throne."

And the hatred of this wrong that had been lulled by compromise, burst out anew and swept the nation on to the Civil War. Slavery became the chief political problem of the country; old party ties and friendships were broken and the Republican party was born to fight the battle of freedom.

Abraham Lincoln's hour had come. Douglas was his opponent, an able politician, a powerful speaker.

Like Lincoln he had started life poor. He had come from Vermont to Illinois with thirty-seven cents in his pocket, but had soon been admitted to the bar. He had been member of the legislature, Secretary of State, a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, three times a Representative at Washington, and was now a Senator at the age of thirty-nine. Returning from Washington Senator Douglas was met in Illinois by a storm of anger, which took all his great courage to face. But he boldly defended his Kansas-Nebraska Bill. Lincoln gave answer with a power he had never before reached in a speech, a power that held a vast crowd breathless for three long hours. It was a speech that made him champion in the great cause of human liberty. Again within a few days he came to the attack. "Repeal the Missouri Compromise!" cried Lincoln, "Repeal all compromises! Repeal the Declaration of Independence! Repeal past history, you still cannot repeal human nature. It still will be the abundance of man's heart that slavery extension is wrong, and out of the abundance of his heart, his mouth will continue to speak. . . . Little by little, but steadily as man's march to the grave, we have been giving up the old for the new faith. Near eighty years ago we began by declaring that all men are created equal; but now from that beginning we have run down to the other declaration that for some men to enslave others is a 'sacred right of self-government.' These principles cannot stand together. They are as opposite as God and Mammon."

These speeches were the opening of the great final conflict between North and South—the great struggle to save the Union and to free the slaves. The fight for the election of a senator in Illinois in 1858 became a personal battle between the two champions, Lincoln

and Douglas, whom his friends called "the Little Giant," fighting face to face in the arena, the whole country intent upon them. Lincoln had again been elected to the legislature, but he resigned. "I have really got it into my head," he wrote a friend, "to try to be a United States senator." But he was not to be senator then, or ever.

Slavery had now roused terrible passions throughout the country. Blood had been shed in Kansas. Bitter were the speeches delivered in the Senate. Lincoln made ready to take his great part. For years he had "moused around libraries," studying the slavery question on every side—legal, historical and moral. To a perfect knowledge of the subject, that made his arguments unanswerable, was added the skill and eloquence of an orator, strong and effective from long practice. And now clearer and clearer was it, that the secret of his great power over men lay in his sympathy and understanding of the "plain people," whom, as he once said, "God must have loved, because he made so many of them." Himself one of them, born in a house as poor as any, he knew from his own life their ambitions and ideals, knew just how they felt and reasoned, just how they could be moved. This sympathy and understanding grew deeper and stronger with the years, and, when he became President, the people were ever close to his great heart. And the people, in their turn, gave love for love, and always claimed him as their own, proud of his greatness and power.

In the first Illinois State Convention of the new Republican Party, held in the spring of 1856, in answer to loud calls for "Lincoln! Lincoln!" he spoke, interrupted by ringing cheers. He ended with words that sounded a mighty challenge. "Kansas shall be

free!" he cried. "We will say to the Southern disunionists, we *won't* go out of the Union, and you SHAN'T!" The newspaper men were so carried away with the passion of his eloquence that they forgot to take notes of what he said, and this became his famous "Lost Speech."

A few weeks later in the first Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, Frémont was made candidate for President of the United States; Lincoln was nominated for Vice-President, and his delighted friends in Illinois said that he was "already on the track for the presidency." But again, though with growing fame, he failed of election.

THE GREAT LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES

In 1858 Douglas's six years' term as senator ended. He had pleased the slave-holders of the South by his Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and he now tried to win back the favor of the North, and of the voters of his own free State of Illinois, by declaring that the purpose of his bill was to make each state free to decide all questions for itself, subject to the Constitution. This was his "great principle of popular sovereignty." The question then at once arose: Would a territory before it became a state have the right to exclude slavery? And he had replied: "That is a question for the courts to decide." Unfortunately the decision was in favor of slavery. The Supreme Court of the United States declared in the case of a poor negro called Dred Scott, that the personal right to hold slaves as property, under the Constitution could not be set aside by the government of a territory. This denied the right of any territory to free itself from slavery, even if it wished to. Quickly alarm spread in the North.

Douglas declared that he did not care "whether slavery be voted up or down," but that it must be decided by a fair vote of the people.

The Democrats of Illinois again nominated Douglas for senator, and the Republicans answered the nomination by declaring that: "The Hon. Abraham Lincoln is our first and only choice for United States senator." The day after his nomination, Lincoln delivered his speech of acceptance in the State House at Springfield. Little by little he had thought it out, writing it on bits of paper, which he tucked away in his high hat. Now before floor and galleries packed with cheering throngs, like a trumpet his voice proclaimed the danger threatening the country—the danger of becoming "all slave" in consequence of the decision of the Supreme Court: "'A house divided against itself cannot stand,'" he said. "I believe that a government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become either all one thing, or all the other." That was his first principle, the Union undivided. His second principle was equally simple: "No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent."

Again Lincoln had shown his great courage. Many of his friends had asked him to change his speech, fearing it would prevent his election, but unmoved he replied: "It is true. I would rather be defeated with that speech than be victorious without it." And after it had been delivered, he said: "If I had to draw a pen across and erase my whole life from existence, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech." Herndon alone had said, "Lincoln, deliver

it just as it reads. It will aid you, if it will not make you President of the United States."

He now challenged Douglas to meet him in a series of joint debates. At the very beginning of the fight, four years before, Douglas had felt the keenness of Lincoln's steel, and he knew the difficulty of defending his own record. But he took up the challenge, telling his friends: "I shall have my hands full. Lincoln is the strong man of his party, full of wit, facts, dates and, with his droll ways and dry jokes, the best stump speaker in the West. He is as honest as he is shrewd and, if I beat him, my victory will be hardly won. I would rather meet any other man in the country than Abraham Lincoln." Yet, Lincoln had no confidence of victory. "With me," he said sadly, "the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure. With him, it has been one of splendid success."

People came from all over the country to hear the debates. Crowds would fill the towns where they were held and in one place thousands spent the night in the fields, their "camp fires spread up and down the valley for a mile, making it look as if an army were gathered together." Douglas rode on a special train; Lincoln, in the crowded cars among the people travelling to hear him. At one of these towns Douglas arrived in an elegant carriage drawn by four white horses, and was received with the greatest ceremony. Lincoln, who hated "fizzlegigs and fireworks," came in an old-fashioned, canvas-covered pioneer wagon, and the crowd went wild over him.

The famous battle began between the two champions—Douglas, rich, fluent, brilliant; a politician, seeking the popularity of the hour; Lincoln—poor, profound, deliberate, high-minded, forgetting himself and the people's favor in his passion for truth and justice.

And it was that passion for truth and justice that gave him power. "He's a dangerous man, a very dangerous man, sir," said an old Democrat. "He makes you believe what he says in spite of yourself!"

The attack was for Lincoln to make and this is how he made it: "Is slavery wrong? That is the real issue. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings."

It was Douglas's claim that the right of the people of a territory to choose whether they would have slaves or not went as far back as the time "when God made man, and placed good and evil before him, allowing him to choose his responsibility." Lincoln answered: "No! God did not place good and evil before man telling him to make the choice. On the contrary, God did tell him there was one tree of the fruit of which he should not eat upon pain of death."

Douglas declared that when the Declaration of Independence called all men equal, it did not include the negroes. Lincoln replied: "I do not understand the Declaration of Independence to mean that all men were created equal in all respects. But I believe that it does mean to declare that all men are equal in some respects. They are equal in their right to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' Certainly the negro is not our equal in color; perhaps not in many other respects; still, in the right to put into his mouth the bread that his own hands have earned, he is my equal, and the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of every living man."

It was the decision of the Supreme Court that a

slave-owner could go to a free state and take his negro with him, just as he could take his dog or his horse, and that in the free state the slave would still remain a slave. In vain Douglas tried to square this decision with the right of the people of a territory to forbid slavery if they wished. Lincoln now pressed for an answer to this question: Whether in Douglas's opinion there was any lawful way by which a territory could exclude slavery before it became a state. Lincoln's friends begged him not to ask this question, for they said that Douglas would probably answer "Yes," satisfy the people of Illinois who opposed slavery, and win his election as senator. "I am after larger game," instantly replied Lincoln. "If Douglas so answers, he can never be President and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." Douglas was quick to see that if he should say "No," he would lose the senatorship, so he answered "Yes," satisfied the politicians of Illinois, and was elected senator, but by the same answer he lost the support of the slaveholding Democrats of the South, and with them his chance for the presidency. Lincoln said that he felt about his defeat "like the boy that stubbed his toe—it hurt too bad to laugh, and he was too big to cry."

"FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES— ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

Lincoln's fame was now made, and invitations to speak came to him from every part of the United States. He went to Ohio, to New England, and in New York, in the February of 1860, he spoke in Cooper Institute. A large and distinguished audience crowded the house, eager to hear the great western orator. William Cullen Bryant, famous poet and editor, pre-

sided. The *New York Tribune* said the next day that "no man ever made such an impression in his first appeal to a New York audience." Published in all the papers and issued in the form of a pamphlet, this speech brought Lincoln before the whole country as a new power in politics, and it had an important part in securing his election as president. Home again, his friends were anxious to begin work at once for his nomination for the presidency, and they urged him to permit it. At last, wrapping his old grey shawl about him, Lincoln said: "I admit that I am ambitious and would like to be president. I am not insensible to the compliment, but there is no such good luck in store for me as the presidency of these United States." Yet finally he gave his consent to the use of his name.

The presidential election of 1860 drew near. New and terrible stories were told of the wrongs suffered by the negroes. Public discussion in Congress reflected the intense bitterness that was fast spreading between North and South. The whole country was in a state of wild excitement. It was freely said that the South would never submit to the election of a Republican president—"a *Black Republican*" was the term used in contempt for a man, who believed in freedom for men with black skins. Threats of secession were openly made in the House and Senate. The South would leave the Union, and form an independent government of its own. The Democratic Party finally was divided in the struggle. Douglas was nominated to represent the Democrats of the North, and J. C. Breckinridge was chosen to be the candidate for those of the South, who were strongly in favor of slavery.

At the Illinois Republican State Convention, "Old Abe" was recognized sitting on his heels just inside the door. The governor of Illinois rose, and said: "I

am informed that a distinguished citizen of Illinois, whom Illinois will ever delight to honor, is present. I wish to move that this body invite him to a seat on the platform." Waiting for a time to excite their curiosity, he at last shouted: "Abraham Lincoln." Amid a roar of delight, a rush was made for Lincoln. On account of the dense crowd, he was "lifted up bodily and lay for a few seconds sprawling and kicking upon the heads and shoulders of the great throng." In this way he was passed up to the platform, which he reached "in the arms of some half dozen gentlemen." His face red and smiling, he stood, the whole six feet-four of him, towering over the other men surrounding the speaker, while the crowd "cheered like the roar of the sea." Later two fence rails were carried in, bearing a banner with the motto: "Abraham Lincoln, the Rail Candidate for President in 1860. Two rails from a lot made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks in the Sangamon Bottom, in the year 1830." They were borne by John Hanks himself.

The whole convention rose, beside itself, shouting and clamoring for a speech from Lincoln. Promptly the delegates to the National Convention at Chicago were instructed "to use all honorable means to secure his nomination, and to cast the vote of the State as a unit for him."

On the 16th of May, 1860, twelve thousand excited people met at Chicago in a huge wooden hall called "The Wigwam," especially built for the Republican National Convention. From the first, this contest had been between "Seward of New York" and "Lincoln of Illinois." Seward—statesman and politician, the leader of the Republican Party, ex-Governor of New York, and now distinguished as a senator, a staunch anti-slavery man; Lincoln—a country lawyer of the

West, known to the nation only by his debates with Douglas, and his Cooper Institute speech. But these speeches had created a national enthusiasm. Lincoln's eager supporters from the West noticed how the Easterners had a body of men to cheer for Seward. At once they sent out into the city and found two men, noted in Chicago for their loud voices. They posted them with a crowd, who understood the plan, on each side of the great hall. On a signal from the platform, at the very first mention of Lincoln's name, such a terrific shout went up to the roof that it startled the convention. This was all that was needed to rally the supporters of Lincoln. The applause for Seward was completely drowned, and the hurrahs for Lincoln were kept up until he was nominated. A secretary shouted his name toward the skylight, and cannon on the roof boomed in salute. The cheering spread through the crowded streets, and was re-echoed, thundering in the convention. Bonfires and fireworks in honor of "Honest Old Abe" turned Chicago's night into day, and, as the great news spread through the State, all Illinois was ablaze with burning tar barrels.

Two hundred miles away, in the office of the "Springfield Journal," sat Lincoln with his friends, receiving returns of each ballot by telegraph. A messenger handed the last dispatch to Lincoln, and solemnly announced: "The convention has made a nomination and Mr. Seward is—the second man on the list." After reading the telegram, Lincoln started off, saying: "Well, there is a little woman down on Eighth Street, who will be interested in this news. I will go and tell her." A joyous crowd followed him. The next evening the members of the committee, sent by the convention to notify Mr. Lincoln formally of his nomination, arrived in Springfield. Two or three

hundred people bearing wooden fence rails on their shoulders came with them and marched from the train to the State House, where they stacked their rails like muskets. Again fires blazed, bells rang and cannon boomed in rejoicing. Success never spoiled Lincoln. It was during these days that he was asked for a sketch of his life. He replied that it contained nothing but "the short and simple annals of the poor."

The enthusiasm of the people during the campaign was "like a prairie fire before a wild tornado." And on Nov. 6, 1861, by a great majority he was elected the sixteenth President of the United States. Lincoln had taken no part in the campaign, but stayed quietly in Springfield, where visitors from all over the United States crowded to see "the rail splitter," as he was called. On account of their great number the executive room in the State House was given for Mr. Lincoln's use. Here both before and after the election, with tireless patience, from morning to night, he received the millionaire and the workman, the priest and politician, men, women and children, old friends and new friends, those who called for love and those who sought for office.

He was firm in his decision to appoint "Democrats and Republicans alike to office." And when he was pressed to make an unworthy appointment, answered: "All that I am in the world—the presidency and all else—I owe to the opinion of me which the people express, when they call me "Honest Old Abe." Now what would they think of their honest Abe, if he should make such an appointment?" Keeping faith was one of his first principles. To a friend in the White House he spoke these words that have since become famous: "If you once forfeit the confidence

of the people, you can never regain their respect and esteem. It is true, you may fool all the people some of the time. You can even fool some of the people all of the time. But you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

About to leave his old Springfield home for Washington, Lincoln sat down in his dingy law office with Herndon. "Billy," he said, "you and I have been together nearly twenty years, and have never 'passed a word.' Will you let my name stay on the old sign till I come back from Washington?" Herndon, with tears in his eyes, put out his hand. "Mr. Lincoln," said he, "I will never have any other partner while you live."

Within a few days after Lincoln's election the South was in open rebellion, and by February—a month before he could take office—seven southern states—South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas—had left the Union, had formed the Confederate States of America, and elected Jefferson Davis president.

On the eleventh of February a special train was made ready to bear Lincoln from Springfield. Standing bareheaded on its rear platform, he looked in silence upon the upturned faces of the great crowd, that had been long waiting there in the fast falling rain. Then he spoke:

"My Friends: No one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever, I may return, with a task before me greater than that which

rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting to Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Everywhere, at railway stations and in cities where he spoke on his way east, he was greeted by enthusiastic crowds. Often both his hands were swollen by the wild and vigorous shaking they suffered. At Cleveland he said: "If all do not join now to save the good old ship of the Union on this voyage, nobody will have a chance to pilot her on another voyage." At Philadelphia on Washington's birthday, in spite of the discovery in Baltimore of a plot against his life, he himself raised a new flag of thirty-four stars over Independence Hall, to celebrate the admission of Kansas into the Union as a free state. The whole earnestness of his soul he threw into these words of his address: "I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Union so long together. It was that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence, given to the world from this hall, which gives liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world for all future times; which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men and that all should have an equal chance. If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it."

Assassination was just what his friends feared. So they persuaded him to go on to Washington, before

his announced train, and in advance of his party. Even after his safe arrival at the capital, men made bets that he would never live to be inaugurated.

THE INAUGURATION AND AFTER

On March the fourth, in brilliant spring sunshine, Abraham Lincoln, bareheaded—Douglas, his old rival, in hearty good will holding his hat and cane—took the oath of office before the eastern portico of the Capitol in the presence of a great crowd. It was a Southern and hostile crowd, well soldiered to prevent an outbreak. But in his heart, Lincoln “stood reverently before that far greater and mightier presence, called by himself, ‘My rightful masters, the American people,’” and to them, above all, he spoke. On the platform were the most distinguished men of America. Union and peace and friendship were the message of his great first inaugural address. But there was resolute strength in it, too—the purpose that was never to fail. He told the people that he had no right nor desire to interfere with slavery in the slave states. But, he said: “The Union of these States is perpetual. No State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union. I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States.” And he closed: “In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government; while I shall have the most solemn one to ‘preserve, protect and defend it.’ I am loath to close. We are not enemies,

but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The appeal of this address stirred the hearts of men in the North, but did not alter in the least the angry resolve of the slave states. Lincoln, "the new pilot, was hurried to the helm in a tornado." Most of the South was already in open rebellion, and other slave states were ready to join the Confederacy. Washington was full of Confederates. The army was weak; the navy small and of little use. Many forts and arms in quantity were held by the South. The treasury was empty and public credit ruined. Even among the most loyal in the North there was fear for the Union, and a longing for "peace at any price." Across the ocean there was much sympathy with the South and a desire to help the Southern cause. This was now the desperate case of the nation, when Lincoln said: "As the country has placed me at the helm of the ship, I'll try to steer her through." But many, even in his own party, looked at their new pilot with dismay. How could "Honest Abe" perform a "task greater than that which rested upon Washington"—"Honest Abe," an obscure country lawyer of Illinois, known only by his powerful speeches against slavery, and with no experience whatever of the practical work of the head of a great nation? Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, wrote that statesmen, curious and fearful, watched him from across the sea,

asking: "Will that awkward old backwoodsman really get that ship through?"

Yet his devotion and practical spirit were soon known. When he was pestered by politicians and criticized for some of his appointments, he calmly said: "The times are too grave and perilous for ambitious schemes and personal rivalries. Let us forget ourselves and join hands like brothers to save the Republic."

To greet the new president, an army of office seekers had swarmed to Washington. With their introductions and recommendations they invaded the White House, and could not be denied. Lincoln, his heart set on saving the nation in its terrible crisis, was in despair. He said: "I feel like a man letting lodgings at one end of his house, while the other end is on fire." But, as usual, there were good stories to tell of his experiences. One day there came an imposing gentleman, who wished to be made minister to some foreign country. No such position was available, the President told him. For humbler and humbler offices the applicant pressed, always to be denied. "Well, will you give me a pair of old trousers, then?" begged the man. Lincoln used to tell this story with the moral: "It is sometimes well to be humble."

No one knew better than Lincoln the difficulties that the Union now faced. He knew that this Civil War was not like a foreign war, which would challenge the whole nation and have its immediate and undivided support. He knew that it must be carried on by the people of the North, who were strong in their devotion of life and money to save the Union, yet divided in their opinion as to how this should be done. But now, in power to inspire and hold his followers, through years of failure and discouragement,

steady to their high purpose, Abraham Lincoln was to prove himself the greatest popular leader of America.

The people trusted him as they had trusted no other man since the days of Washington. He wrote even more simply than Franklin, so that they read every public word that came from his lips or from his pen. They understood him as he understood them. Members of his Cabinet sometimes wished his state papers to be more elegant and conventional. But he refused to make such changes in them and always said: "The people will understand." "Step by step," Emerson says, "he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs."

In selecting his Cabinet, Lincoln chose as his advisers the strongest men he could find, and those who stood high in the confidence of their own states. This meant difficulties. At first it meant friction, perhaps jealousy, for a man like Seward, the Secretary of State, an able and experienced statesman, to be the cabinet helper of a man like Lincoln, who had but little experience of the daily detail and management of the government. Lincoln was cautious in facing his hard task. He could be considerate, gentle, even tender, but he was also like a rock that cannot be moved, once he made up his mind in that careful way of his. And he allowed no one to share his responsibilities.

Within a month of the inauguration, Seward took the liberty of submitting to Lincoln a paper, practically dictating a policy for the government, and suggesting himself as a capable person to direct it. His dismissal with the reason published would have meant his ruin. But Lincoln, appearing not to see the insult, kindly and firmly asserted his own authority. Seward was completely conquered and his generous friend-

ship won. Two months later he wrote: "Executive force and vigor are rare qualities; the President is the best of us."

Wonderful was this power of Lincoln's over men. When a little later it became necessary to appoint a new Secretary of War, he chose Stanton, an able and honest man, a hard worker, practical and big hearted. But he was a quick and passionate man, and for years had heaped insult and abuse upon Lincoln, that "giraffe of a lawyer," as he had once called him. Friends protested at the appointment and no one was more surprised than Stanton himself. But the hot-tempered Secretary of War soon became the President's devoted friend and earnest helper.

Good humored wisdom was one secret of Lincoln's success in managing men. A major-general had accused Stanton of favoritism. The angry Secretary read his answer to the President, who kept continually interrupting him with a hearty: "That's right! Just what he deserves!" Or, "Score him! Good for you!" Then while Stanton, much pleased, was folding up the letter to place it in the open envelope, Lincoln asked: "What are you going to do with it now?" "Why, send it, of course," said Stanton, looking blank. "Don't do that," said Lincoln laughing. "I believe he does deserve it. But put it in the stove. That's the way I do, when I've written a letter while I'm mad. You've had a good time writing it, and you feel better. Now burn it."

THE BEGINNING OF THE LONG WAR

Many at the North were eager to punish the Southern rebellion at once, but Lincoln waited. On the twelfth of April, 1861, the Confederacy began the

war in South Carolina by firing upon the Union flag flying over Ft. Sumter. At the call, the whole North sprang to arms. One man in the South clearly foresaw the end. "The firing upon that fort," said Robert Toombs, the Secretary of State of the Confederacy, "will inaugurate a civil war greater than any the world has yet seen. You will wantonly strike a hornet's nest, which extends from mountains to ocean, and legions now quiet will swarm out and sting us to death. It is unnecessary; it puts us in the wrong; it is fatal."

From the very first Lincoln declared the war to be for the Union, not against slavery. The unreasonable anti-slavery men hotly criticized this, but the President stood firm and unshaken in his purpose. He did not hate slavery less, but he believed that slavery would not long survive the victory of the North; and his oath of office, as he repeatedly said, charged him first to save the Union.

In answer to a call for seventy-five thousand volunteers, hundreds of thousands of men, from all over the North, offered themselves. Arms and money were given freely to the government. Waiting was over. The time to act had come. Troops from Massachusetts, the first on the way to Washington, were attacked in Baltimore by a mob under the Confederate flag on April 19, the very day of the first bloodshed in the Revolution. On that same day the President declared a blockade of the whole southern coast, which closed the port cities of the Confederacy to help that might come by sea. The excitement in the North rose to fever heat. Washington was in danger of capture by the Confederacy, whose forces were gathering nearby. If the Southern army had taken Washington, the capital, the great powers of Europe would

probably at once have recognized the Confederacy as an independent nation. But at last the Northern soldiers arrived and Washington was safe. Public opinion in support of the Union grew in Maryland and prevented the state from joining the South. Lincoln saved Kentucky and Missouri for the North, but Virginia joined the Confederacy; so did Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina. Robert E. Lee was made Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army, and Richmond in Virginia, less than one hundred miles distant from Washington, was chosen as the capital of the Confederate States.

At this time of crisis, Stephen A. Douglas came out strongly in support of Lincoln and toured the Northwest, speaking with all his great eloquence to hold the people loyal to the Union. By the time he reached Chicago he was worn and ill, and died in a few weeks with a prayer on his lips for the Union. He was mourned by Lincoln and the whole North.

Washington was now alive with Union soldiers eager for war. The North was impatient for a great battle, impatient to have the war ended "within three months." "On to Richmond," was the cry. Lincoln often visited the camps, talking with officers and men, winning their confidence and affection. Early in the summer the first advance began. There were delays, but finally the troops, brave and confident of success, marched forward into Virginia. On a hot July Sunday the battle of Bull Run was fought. It ended not in victory but in defeat. By dawn the exhausted and disheartened Union soldiers, with their terrible tale of killed and wounded, staggered across Long Bridge to Washington. This first stunned the North, but when at last men realized how great a war had started, they were filled with resolution to prepare

rightly for it, and to fight the struggle through and save the Union.

Lincoln soon gave the chief command of the United States army to George B. McClellan, a dashing young general, fresh from successes in West Virginia, an able organizer and drill master, who later delighted all Washington by his reviews and parades. He failed as a fighting man but he did the nation one great service. He created the splendid Army of the Potomac.

About the end of the year of 1861, war with England threatened. Two men, Mason and Slidell, had been sent by the Confederacy to act as commissioners in France and England. They escaped from the blockade on the *Trent*, a British vessel. But the *Trent* was caught and they were taken from it by the captain of an American man-of-war, who at once received a vote of thanks from the House of Representatives. The country was in raptures over the capture, when the British government demanded their immediate release. Northern feeling, shared even by Seward, the Secretary of State, was unanimous for keeping them and braving England, but Lincoln's strong hand was on the helm of the ship. He gave up the prisoners and avoided a new and desperate war.

Boldly, in his first annual message to Congress, Lincoln declared that the rebellion of the South was "a war largely, if not exclusively, upon the first principles of popular government—the rights of the people." In the South, he said, arguments were used "to prove that large control of the people in governments is the source of all political evil. He declared that the South wished not only to keep negro slaves, but that it wished to limit the white man's right to vote, and even hinted at monarchy "as a possible

refuge from the power of the common people." And then in clear words he showed how the whole prosperity of the nation was based upon the labor of the common people and upon their virtues. And so "raising a warning voice against this approach of returning despotism," he brought it home to the heart of the country that "the struggle of today is not altogether for today—it is for a vast future also."

In the old Springfield days Lincoln had said: "Years ago I was a hired laborer. The hired laborer of yesterday labors on his own account today, and will hire others to labor for him tomorrow. Advancement is the order of things in a society of equals. As labor is the common burden of our race, so the effort of some to shift their share of the burden onto the shoulders of others is the great durable curse of the race." Before the struggle ended, he was to call the purpose of the South "a war upon the rights of working people."

The aristocracy of the old South was founded on slavery. The educated few lived upon the unpaid toil of the uneducated many, and ruled them with complete and unquestioned power. Its destruction was the victory of democracy, the rule of all the people, under this leader, who had sprung from the common people and who had himself known poverty, toil and hardship.

Meanwhile Gen. McClellen was organizing and drilling his fine army, but he was willing to make no move against the South. "All quiet along the Potomac," became a joke in the North, where men were growing more and more impatient of "the Virginia Creeper," as they called the Commander-in-Chief. In the early winter of 1862 came the news of Gen. U. S. Grant's brilliant capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, in northern Tennessee, with nine thousand prisoners.

The commander of Fort Donelson had asked for terms. Grant's reply was: "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Delighted, the people of the North said Grant's initials "U. S." stood for "Unconditional Surrender." Yet Grant was not without enemies, and they pressed Lincoln to remove him. "But I can't spare the man; he fights," said Lincoln. Then they urged the fact that he drank. Scoffing at the false charge, Lincoln asked: "Do you know what brand of whiskey? I'd like to send a barrel of it to each of my other generals."

While Grant was fighting and winning victories, McClellan was wasting precious time by hesitation and delays. "If Gen. McClellan does not want to use the army," Lincoln once said with angry humor, "I would like to borrow it." Deaf to all suggestion and advice, it seemed that nothing could prod McClellan into action. Finally, he was given an imperative order to advance on the enemy. But the order was given in vain. All patience at last exhausted, Lincoln removed him from the chief command.

DEFEAT OR VICTORY?

Defeat after defeat now cast a heavy gloom over the North. Many brave boys in blue lay silent on the battlefields or sick of fever in the hospitals. A thousand men, women and children had been horribly massacred by Indians in the West. Advice, criticism and abuse were poured upon the President, whose heart was near breaking under the terrible burden. To this was added the death of his little son Willie. Almost crazed with grief, he cried: "This is the hardest trial of my life. Why is it? Why is it?"

The nurse comforted him by her sympathy and her faith in God. To her, Lincoln spoke of his mother: "I remember her prayers," said he. "They have clung to me all my life." From that dark hour, those who were near him said, he grew even tenderer to all suffering.

President Lincoln's strength and patience were sorely taxed by continual quarreling between members of his Cabinet, who often came to him to settle their disputes. Tactful and wise, Lincoln was quietly master of them all. With Stanton, Secretary of War, he himself had several sharp struggles. He once issued an order for an exchange of troops. Stanton refused to obey it, and said to the bearer: "Did Lincoln give that order?" "He did, sir." "Then he is a fool!" stormed Stanton. The bearer returned to Lincoln and repeated the words. After a moment's pause, the President said calmly: "If Stanton said I was a fool, then I must be one; for he is nearly always right, and generally says what he means. I will step over and see him." The order was passed. It was this wonderful union in him of good humor, firmness and nobility that conquered even his enemies.

By 1862 Lincoln came to feel that slavery should be made the second great purpose of the war. This would strike directly and hard at the cause of the trouble. He saw that it would weaken the Confederate States by lessening their chance of help from Europe, and at the same time win sympathy for the North. He saw too, that the slaves, once freed, would further weaken the South by throwing their strength to the side of the Union. Yet he was not sure that the time was ripe for a proclamation giving freedom to all the negroes of the South. He first tried, instead, to accomplish his dream since boyhood, to have the

slaves freed gradually, and to have the loss made good to their owners by the government. "The change," he said, in a proclamation, "would come as gently as the dews from Heaven, not rending or wrecking anything. Will you not embrace it?" But the South would not part with its property on any terms whatever.

Slaves were now constantly escaping to the North. They were a serious problem that had to be faced. What should be done with them? Strong feeling for their full freedom swept the country. In July Congress passed a law, permitting the employment of negroes as soldiers, giving all of them who served in the army their freedom, and setting free also the families of negro soldiers, whose owners were not loyal to the Union. Press and pulpit urged Lincoln to give freedom to all the slaves, and they urged it with bitter criticism. Bitterly too, they criticized his management of the war. It sometimes seemed as if they condemned almost every public act of his.

Lincoln bore much of this abuse with great good humor. "It reminds me," he said, "of the big fellow whose little wife was wont to beat him over the head, without resistance on his part. 'Let her alone,' the man said. 'It don't hurt me, and it does her a power of good.'"

In so great a struggle between right and wrong, it was natural that the people of the North should claim the favor and support of God. And Lincoln, like many other great and simple men, who have lived close to nature and to their fellows, was deeply religious in spirit. A Bible commonly lay on his desk, and he read it often. He had said more than once and in many ways: "This is God's fight, and He will win it in His own good time." But he had also said: "In great

contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both *may be* and one *must be* wrong. God cannot be for and against the same thing at the same time." So, to some one who asked if he was sure that God was on the side of the North, he quickly answered: "I had never thought of it in that way. My concern is to know whether we are on God's side."

To a committee of ministers, urging emancipation, who came in September "to reveal God's will" to him, he said: "If it is probable that God would reveal His will to others on a point so closely connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me. The subject is in my mind day and night. Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do."

He had thought the great question out in his own grave, silent, resolute way, undisturbed by the noisy clamor of the country. As early as midsummer, several hours each day he had sat quietly in the War Department Telegraph Office. Here, free from the interruptions of the White House, now gazing out of the window, now watching a busy colony of spiders in a corner, he had framed the mighty sentences of the Emancipation Proclamation, a great step to which his whole life had led. Not even his Cabinet knew that he had done this. The proclamation had been secretly finished, when he wrote these words: "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free." In him was no

loss of sympathy for the negroes, whose "dark, sad millions," as the poet Whittier beautifully sang, had been waiting for freedom so "patiently and dumb." He was working for their freedom, too; and he was, as he said, working for "a peace that would be worth the keeping for all future time."

Meanwhile the Northern army had failed in its attempt to take Richmond. Its defeats at Cedar Mountain and the second battle at Bull Run followed. Lee, at the head of the Confederate army, crossed the Potomac into Maryland, and Lincoln "made a promise," he told his cabinet, "to himself and to his Maker, that if God gave the victory in the approaching battle, he would consider that God had decided his questions in favor of the slaves." On September 17th came the victory of Antietam, and five days later, acting under his military authority, in the preliminary Emancipation Proclamation four million slaves in the rebellious South were declared to be, "on the first of January, 1863,"—"thenceforward and forever free." The North was completely taken by surprise—the South, furious. On New Year's Day, 1863, a reception was held at the White House. For three hours the President stood shaking hands with an endless stream of people. At last he was alone with his Cabinet. He took a pen to sign the final draft of the Emancipation Proclamation. "Mr. Seward," he said, "my right hand is almost paralyzed. If my hand trembles, they will say I hesitated." Then slowly and firmly he wrote "Abraham Lincoln." "If my name ever gets into history," he said, "it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it."

After Antietam, at Fredericksburg, came the most bloody defeat of the war. This was followed in the spring by the terrible disaster to the Union army at

Chancellorsville. With the open telegram in his hand, Lincoln, his face ashen grey, tottered to a chair gasping hoarsely: "What will the country say? Oh, what will the country say?"

But by the midsummer of 1863 the tide of battle suddenly turned. On a Sunday evening at sundown, after four days of distant booming of cannon, the result of the battle still unknown, Lincoln drove out to the review of troops near Arlington. He requested that one of the bands play "Lead, Kindly Light." Then the tears running down his haggard cheeks, he followed the music with the words:

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on;

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene, one step enough for me."

Soon came news of Meade's splendid victory at Gettysburg, and from the South, on the same day, the Fourth of July, the birthday of the nation, word was flashed to Washington of Grant's capture of Vicksburg. Independence Day was celebrated anew, with great rejoicing by the North, and Lincoln, beaming with happiness, proclaimed a day of "National Thanksgiving, Praise and Prayer." Victory was slowly and surely coming after the terrible hours of darkness and despair, when the South had been successful and defiant, the North distrustful and often defeated.

THE PILOT OF THE SHIP

Through all this perilous time Lincoln often found relief from his heavy work and worry in jokes and good stories, in his spirit of humor and fun. Said an old friend one day: "That laugh has been the President's life preserver." On the morning after the dreadful slaughter of Fredericksburg, he offered to

read to a Congressman a funny story by Artemus Ward, the popular humorist of the day. The Congressman was shocked and stopped him. Throwing down the book, with tears in his eyes, Lincoln said: "Mr. Arnold, if I could not get momentary respite from the crushing burden I am constantly carrying, my heart would break!"

In these days the change in his appearance was marked. His face grew very thin and drawn, his eyes heavy and sunken—the light gone out of them, with weariness in every line of his great body. "I feel," he said, "as though I shall never be glad again." One lady who met him at this time said that it seemed as if she had seen, not so much the President of the United States, as the saddest man in the world. He could not sleep at night. To a friend who urged a rest, he said: "But the tired part of me is inside and out of reach."

His greatest comfort was his youngest son, "Little Tad"—Lincoln had nicknamed him "Tadpole," when he was a baby. He loved the boy with all his heart and kept him much by his side. In the darkest days of the war he still played "horse" and "blindman's buff" with him. Visitors often saw Tad snuggled on his lap, or swinging on his chair. In the evening both would perhaps be seen bending over some curious book sent the President. And when the small head drooped drowsily, the little fellow was carried off to bed in his father's great arms. About Washington and even to army headquarters went this faithful little escort. At the head of the brilliant Philadelphia Lancers galloped the President of the United States, his high black hat making him seem even taller than he was, and "ever on the flanks of the hurrying column flew, like a flag or a banneret, Tad's little grey riding

cloak." The soldiers cheered "like mad" the son of their "Father Abraham," as they now called Lincoln.

On his wall Lincoln kept a large map of the United States, and on this he followed carefully and minutely the movements of the armies. He studied the campaigns of the war night and day, he pored over military books on strategy; and gained so practical a knowledge of military problems that he was able to plan with his generals and direct them, often surprising them by the extent of his knowledge. But the United States has never been a military nation, and every great war has found it unprepared. In the Civil War, the war itself developed the able military leaders who were to save the country. From the very first, the incompetence of the Union generals was a constant anxiety, and McClellan had been the worst of all, because his duty was the greatest. When asked one day for a pass to Richmond, Lincoln said: "Why, my dear sir, it would do you no good. I have given McClellan, and more than two hundred thousand others, passes to Richmond, and not a single one of 'em has got there yet!"

A visitor once inquired how many men the Confederates had in the field. "Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority," replied Lincoln gravely. "Good heavens," said the visitor with paling face. "Yes, sir! twelve hundred thousand—no doubt of it! You see, all of our generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbered them from three or five to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field and three times four makes twelve. Don't you see?"

Grant, soon known to the discouraged North by the victories he won, changed all this. He was "the *man*" the Cause needed, "fit to do as well as to plan." After

the battle of Vicksburg, Lincoln said to a friend: "Grant is the first general I've had. He's a *general*. You know how it's been with all the rest. As soon as I put a man in command of the army, he'd come to me with the plan of a campaign and about as much as say: 'Now I don't believe I can do it but if you say so, I'll try it on,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me. They all wanted me to be general. Now it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know and I don't want to know. I am glad to find a man who can go ahead without me. The great thing about him is his cool persistency of purpose. He is not easily excited and he has the grip of a bulldog. When he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off."

From the first, Lincoln was devoted to the army. In the hospitals and on the field he came to know the "Boys in Blue" personally, and no visitors at the White House were so welcome as they or those who came on their business. His simple, friendly, democratic ways won their hearts, and they soon learned to come to him freely in every need.

As he signed a pardon for a boy soldier who had been condemned to be shot for sleeping on sentry duty, Lincoln said to a man at his side: "It is not to be wondered at that a tired boy raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should fall asleep at his post. I can not think of going into eternity with the blood of that poor young man on my hands." Afterwards, this same soldier was found dead on the battle field at Fredericksburg; next his heart a photograph of Lincoln, on which he had written: "God bless President Lincoln."

Again, a Union general urged upon Lincoln the execution of twenty-four deserters, as an example to

the rest of the army. "Mr. General," the President replied, "there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it." To a sorrowing mother, a Mrs. Bixby, he wrote this beautiful letter of comfort:

"Dear Madam:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. A. LINCOLN."

Many a noble life was given in love and devotion to the cause. But no life was given in devotion deeper than that filling the great heart of Lincoln. The work and care wore terribly upon him. Burdened with the worry and the crowding important business that was never done, with tireless patience he still faced the opposition and insults of his enemies, the quarrels of his Cabinet, the endless procession of callers. Often in his long skirted, faded dressing gown and blue woolen socks, his slippers thrown off, he listened to them, leaning forward, his hands clasping his knees. Long nights, when the world was asleep, he sat tired out by the telegraph in the War Office, his whole soul intent on the news from the front, so often worse than

suspense. Regular hours for meals were impossible. He said that he "just browsed round a little now and then."

Often after "a mighty hard day" he sat in his chair, in the White House, utterly exhausted. "I sometimes fancy," he said with his quaint humor, "that everyone of the numerous grist ground through here daily, from a Senator seeking a war with France, down to a poor woman after a place in the Treasury Department, darted at me with thumb and finger, picked out his especial piece of my vitality and carried it off."

Lincoln lived in constant danger of assassination. From the first, special care was taken to guard the White House and its grounds, but without his knowledge. A force of cavalry was once placed at the gates but Lincoln, as he said, "worried till he got rid of it." There were many open and secret threats to take his life. Yet fearless he often walked or rode unguarded about the capital. As the South grew desperate in its losing struggle and Lincoln's enemies at the North more bitter, the peril steadily increased. "I long ago made up my mind," he said calmly, "that if anybody wants to kill me, he will do it. If I wore a shirt of mail and kept myself surrounded by a bodyguard, it would be all the same."

One dark night on leaving the White House, he picked up a heavy cane, saying good naturedly: "Mother (Mrs. Lincoln) has got a notion into her head that I shall be assassinated, and to please her I take a cane when I go over to the War Department at nights,—when I don't forget it." Later, one evening in the summer of 1864, the President's favorite saddle-horse came tearing up to the gates of the Soldiers' Home, Lincoln, hatless, on its back. A shot fired down the road, he said, had frightened the animal.

Searching the place, the President's high hat was found with a bullet hole through the crown. Mr. Lincoln gave orders that nothing be said about the attempt, but after that he never rode alone.

THE UNION SAVED! THE SLAVES FREED!

The victories of Gettysburg and Vicksburg had given hope once more to the discouraged North. By the success of the Union in these two great battles final victory was assured. The cause of the rebellion had failed, but by desperate fighting the South prolonged the war for over a year and a half. Negro laborers, lost to the Southern armies, became soldiers of the North and, with courage that never flinched, fought side by side with their white brothers for the Union that had freed them. By the end of the war two hundred thousand had enlisted. Many a story was told of their devotion to the flag. In a fierce fight the colors of the 55th Massachusetts were shot away, and a black soldier volunteered to bring them back. Creeping forward on his hands and knees, he wrapped the colors about his body, and, though bullet after bullet struck him until he was fatally wounded, he succeeded in crawling back, saving the flag.

Farther and still farther south floated the stars and stripes—"Old Glory," as people delighted to call the flag of the Union. In September Gen. Thomas by his splendid fighting in a great battle won the honor of the name, "The Rock of Chickamauga." With this new hope in men's hearts, there was a great gathering on the nineteenth of November on the field of Gettysburg in honor of the heroes who had fallen there. Lincoln rose gravely in the presence of his Cabinet and of a vast crowd. Silently, reverently they listened to these deathless words:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

That same autumn came the great victory of Chattanooga—Grant, Thomas, Sherman and Sheridan, all on the field and all generals that the war itself had found, trained and developed. The next spring, Grant was made Lieutenant-General, a rank that had been

held only by Washington in the Revolution, and by Scott, the hero of the Mexican War. Within the few days following he was in Washington, and for the first time stood face to face with Lincoln.

Now in command of all the Union armies, Grant took personal charge of the Army of the Potomac and began at once his famous march on Richmond, the Confederate capital. In the fearful battles in the swamps of the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, all north of Richmond and in eastern Virginia, he lost forty thousand men. The nation turned sick at the slaughter, but Grant was working towards victory, and he wired: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." In August came Admiral Farragut's capture of Mobile, now the most important, and one of the last, of the Confederate ports on the Gulf of Mexico to be closed. Early in September Sherman wired from Georgia: "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won."

Meanwhile Lincoln's term as president was drawing to its end. Loud was the demand for his re-election, loud the opposition. "It is the people's business," said Lincoln. And just before the election, when the dreadful losses of Grant's battles had thrown a cloud over the whole North, against the advice of all his friends, he took the unpopular step of signing a draft for five hundred thousand new troops. "It matters not what becomes of me," he said. "We must have the men. If I go down, I intend to go like the ship *Cumberland*, with my colors flying."

But the people rallied round Lincoln. They told each other Lincoln's own story of the old Dutch farmer who said it was "not best to swap horses while crossing a stream." The campaign song, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand

strong," rang from East to West. In vain did his enemies and an abusive press attack him, and seek to prove him unfit for his place at the helm. The people knew and loved him and would have no other pilot to finish the voyage. He was re-elected by a vast majority and Grant telegraphed: "The victory is worth more to the country than a battle won."

On New Year's Day, 1865, again there was a reception at the White House. A group of negroes stood for hours on the lawn, "timid and doubting," it was said, "like a herd of wild creatures from the wood." At last they crept quietly into his presence. At his cordial welcome, they crowded round him, kissing his hands, sobbing and laughing: "God bress Massa Linkum."

Lincoln was now eager "to clinch the matter" of slavery, and promptly in January Congress followed his wish by adding to the Constitution of the United States an amendment forever forbidding slavery in every part of the United States. Then it was that Lincoln happily said: "This ends the great job."

On the fourth of March, 1865, heavy clouds covered the sky, but as Lincoln moved forward to take the oath of office, a dazzling flood of sunshine poured down upon him. From the east portico of the Capitol, he raised his hand to silence the cheers and shouts that rose from below and then, with new power in his clear, strong voice, read his second inaugural. In it, says his friend, Carl Schurz, "he poured out the whole devotion and tenderness of his great soul. It had all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die." These were its closing words:

"Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away.

Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgements of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Meanwhile Sherman had marched through Georgia, as the old war song says, "from Atlanta to the Sea." He had destroyed the last resources of the Confederates. On the second of April, Petersburg, near Richmond, fell and Lincoln went to visit the captured city. The Union regiments they passed on the way shouted lustily: "Three cheers for Uncle Abe." Confederate soldiers in the grey uniform of the South, prisoners on a transport in the river, rushed to the rail to see Lincoln's barge pass. They were eating chunks of bread and meat. And these were their cries: "That's Old Abe." "Give the old fellow three cheers." "Hello, Abe, your bread and meat's better than pop-corn!"

The next day Richmond fell, the capital and last stronghold of the Confederates. "Thank God," said Lincoln earnestly, "that I have lived to see this! It seems to me I have been dreaming a horrid dream for four years, and now the nightmare is gone. I want to see Richmond."

At the river landing a group of negroes were digging.

One of them, an old man of sixty, leaped forward. "Bress de Lord," he cried exulting, "dere is de great Messiah! I knowed him as soon as I seed him. He's bin in my heart fo' long yeahs, and he's cum at las' to free his chillum from dere bondage! Glory Halle-lujah!" And falling on his knees he kissed Lincoln's feet. Surrounded by kneeling negroes, Lincoln spoke. "Don't kneel to me," he said. "That's not right. Kneel to God only and thank Him for liberty." Forming a ring they sang a hymn in their rich, musical voices, and the deserted streets filled with negroes, till a crushing mass surrounded the little party. Silent as death they were as again he spoke: "My poor friends, you are free—free as air. You can cast off the name of slave and trample upon it; it will come to you no more. God gave you liberty as He gave it to others. But you must try to deserve this priceless boon. Let the world see that you merit it. Learn the laws and obey them. Obey God's commandments, and thank Him for giving you liberty, for to Him you owe all things."

Then through the dusty heat he passed on, to the negroes' shrieks of delight, "lookin' at las'," as one of them cried, "on our spring of life." Crowds were around him and above him, for curious forms hung out of every window.

Many Southerners admired and respected Lincoln even in those days. Throughout the bitterness and hatred of the long war, he had been the South's best friend in the North. Visiting the hospitals one day, a doctor tried to turn him away from a ward of prisoners, saying: "They are rebels." "You mean," said Lincoln, as he pushed on into the room, "they are Confederates." He honored the valor of the great generals of the South. Of Stonewall Jackson he had

said: "He is a brave, honest soldier. What a pity we should have to fight such a gallant fellow!" And as he stood studying Lee's picture on the very day he himself, though he little knew it, was to face death, he exclaimed: "It is the face of a brave and noble man!"

Back again in Washington the great news came on April 9th that on that day Lee, after retreating from Richmond, had been forced to surrender to Grant at Appomatox Court House the remnants of his shattered army. With full hearts the Cabinet met, and at Lincoln's word, silently and in tears, they knelt and gave humble thanks to God.

Lincoln himself carried the good news to Seward, who was sick. With boyish delight he threw himself full across the bed and with his head on one hand, told of the dramatic end of the war. "And now for a day of Thanksgiving," he cried. The wildest delight filled the land, celebrating the end of the long and terrible war between the Blue and the Gray. The Union was safe at last. The nation had been created anew. A greater freedom had been won in the struggle, and Abraham Lincoln was hailed as the Liberator.

THE SAVIOR OF HIS COUNTRY

But swiftly now the shadow of the future fell upon Lincoln in a dream. On the night of April 13th, he seemed to be on a singular and indescribable vessel, moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore. The next morning was Good Friday. He told his Cabinet of his dream—a dream that he had had many times before, always followed by some great battle of the war. He said: "It must relate to Sherman. I know of no other very important event which is likely just now to occur."

But his dream did not depress him. As he drove out in the balmy spring afternoon—dogwood abloom on the hills and the scent of lilacs in the air—happiness filled his heart. "Mary," he said to his wife, "we have had a hard time of it, since we came to Washington. But the war is over, and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness here in Washington; and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet." He was as light-hearted as a boy at the thought. During the afternoon he signed a pardon for a young soldier, who had been sentenced to be shot for desertion. "I think the boy can do us more good above ground, than under ground," he said. His last acts were those of mercy.

For that evening Mrs. Lincoln had invited a party to dinner and the theatre. The beautiful Laura Keane was playing in "Our American Cousin" at the Ford Theatre. Happy and joking, the life of his little party, Lincoln sat in the President's box, that was heavily draped with flags. The scene was brilliant—rich costumes, jewels, perfumes everywhere. The very air was charged with excitement and joy of victory—victory and promised peace.

At ten twenty all the audience were intent on the play. Suddenly a pistol shot rang out, sharp and clear; then a struggle in the President's box, and a man leaped for the stage, pistol and dagger in hand. The flag of the Union, as if to avenge its preserver, caught the assassin's spur and hurled him headlong. With a broken leg he ran limping into the wings of the theatre, in the confusion escaped to his waiting horse, and clattered away into the blackness of the night. Then Mrs. Lincoln's cry of anguish, "He has killed the President!" Then confusion, tears and sobs, spreading from the theatre throughout the city. Ten-

derly they bore him to a house opposite. Silent and unconscious he lay through the long night—all Washington watching, and praying for his life. The next morning, early, but in the full light of day, his great heart ceased to beat and Stanton, the friend who had become as a brother, whispered to those at the quiet bedside: "Now he belongs to the ages."

Wrapped in the flag of the Union for which he had lived and died, Abraham Lincoln lay serene in noble peace at the Capitol. Stunned with anguish and rage the whole nation bowed helpless, crushed by the horror of his death. Victory with her cheers and waving flags vanished from the land, and in her place were the tears and crape of Sorrow. On the solemn journey of more than a thousand miles back to Springfield, watch fires blazed throughout the night. And multitudes gathered almost without interval, standing silent with uncovered heads to watch the passing of the funeral train—engine and cars all draped and swathed in black. At the great cities it stopped, that men might do fitting honor to their beloved dead. Guarded to his grave by great generals, by statesmen and by devoted friends, he was laid to rest at Springfield, his old home.

All the world paid tribute to Abraham Lincoln—kings, queens and emperors, republics and cities—the peoples of Europe, of South America, of India and China. All the world has ever since been raising monuments in his honor. And from that day to this, his life has been an example to all mankind, an example and an inspiration always to greater justice, good will and love among men.

The workingmen of London sent this message of comfort to America: "Abraham Lincoln has endeared himself to the toiling millions of the civilized world. The loss of such a man is ours as well as yours. He

is enshrined in the hearts of the laborers of all countries, as one of the uncrowned monarchs of the world." Emilio Castelar, before the Spanish Cortes in Madrid, said: "Abraham Lincoln was the humblest of the humble before his own conscience, the greatest of the great before history." "He dies and makes no sign," said a London paper, "but the impress of his noble character and aims will be borne by his country while time endures. He dies, but his country lives; freedom has triumphed; the broken chains at the feet of the slaves are the mute witness of his victory."

And his friend, Walt Whitman, voiced the love of America in these beautiful lines:

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

In Memory of Abraham Lincoln

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel the vessel grim
and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.
O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the
shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

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